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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXXVIII. }

No. 2496. — April 30, 1892.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXCHL }

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VANISHED DREAMS.

BEAUTIFUL stories, in shielings wild,
They told of the fairies when I was a child —
How with feet like the foam-bells, so light
and fair,
They entered the dwellings of want and care;
And as morning dew melts off from the grass,
So the cloud of sorrow was sure to pass;
No blight on the crops which the fairies had
blest,
For day they brought gladness, for night they
brought rest.

Oh, heart of my childhood! what vigils vain
Were mine as I watched for the fairy train;
But the feet of the fairies came not nigh;
No glimpse of their beautiful wings flashed
by;
And the peasants said: "Ah, they know too
well
Where peace and gladness and riches dwell!
Wait — and if clouds darken over your sky,
Surely then will you see them nigh."

Alas! for the home of our childhood days —
Its weed-choked gardens, its moss-grown
ways —

I heard them tell how, one autumn night,
Over heather and moor flashed the weird
corpse-light;

I heard them whisper: "The fairies know —
O'er the homestead they love falls the shadow
of woe;

The fire will be quenched, and the hearth be
lone,
Ere the winter has past, or the March winds
blown."

The fires are quenched, and the hearth is
lone;

Dear names are carved on the grey head-
stone;

Only, I think, in my heart remains
The echo of long-ago joys and pains;
The half-believed legends have passed away;
Life grew too real — they could not stay.
The earth-lights have faded the night is drear;
But the stars of heaven were never so clear!

Chambers' Journal.

MARY GORGES.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

OVER the kingdom of the ancient isles,
Isles of the shamrock, thistle, and the rose,
On alien regions, on the hoary world,
A shadow deep of pestilence and death;
Sharp anguish in innumerable homes,
Sore memories to chill the daylight's warmth,
And wreck the soothing fiction of a dream
With sorrow's waking shudder and bleak
truth;

A moan of misery multitudinous
From famished myriads fading in despair,
Through wastes of sullen forest, snowy steppe,
The grisly realm of the doomed lonely czar:
And o'er the unseemly kingdom of the soul

The shadow of a disenchanted time,
A cold and hard, a sombre, cynic time,
With wistful weakness in the faith should
save,

A palsied shiver in the hope should light
Our climbing pathway to the peaks of life:
And yet above the shadow shines the sun,
The thrushes thrill the echoing air of dawn,
And the soft amber of the breaking day
Melts through our eastern elms, and fairy eve
Kindles her far and immemorial fires
Along those limpid and unruffled heights
Where floats the lovely wonder of the moon:
And still amidst the voices of the birds,
Behind the beauty of the world, beyond
The lofty and the gentle lights of heaven,
Within the aching mystery of life,
The exaltation, and the troubled hope,
The fitful and the flickering joy of man,
Wait comfort, freedom, clearness, calm, and
power.

A vision of fair angels and their peace,
And the vast mercy of Almighty God.

Spectator.

JOSEPH TRUMAN.

SPRING FLOWERS.

OF all the flowers rising now,
Thou only saw'st the head
Of that unopened drop of snow
I placed beside thy bed.

In all the blooms that blow so fast,
Thou hast no further part,
Save those, the hour I saw thee last,
I laid above thy heart.

Two snowdrops for our boy and girl,
A primrose blown for me,
Wreathed with one often-played-with curl
From each bright head for thee.

And so I graced thee for thy grave,
And made these tokens fast
With that old silver heart I gave,
My first gift — and my last.

SPRING'S HERALD.

A VIOLET! sweet-scented, dainty-hued,
Within a hazel's snow-bound cranny set;
Safe sheltered from the northern tempests-
rude,
A violet!

Grey sombre skies and leafless trees; and yet —
Lest under Winter's sullen sway and crude,
Sweet Summer's sights and scents we might
forget —

Deep in the woodland's dreary solitude,
'Mid last year's leaves — emblems of vain re-
gret —

Nestles the pledge of Spring's beatitude,
A violet!

Chambers' Journal.

ERNEST A. CARR.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
FINLAND.

AT this moment the most interesting political study in Europe is the grand duchy of Finland. Its past political history and its present political state are among the most remarkable that either past or present supplies. A land has been twice conquered, and each time it has gained by its conquest. Its last conqueror boasted, and boasted with truth, that his conquest had caused a new free people to take its place among the nations. For, in becoming part of the dominions of that foreign conqueror, the land kept its ancient laws and political rights, and received a more distinct political being than it had possessed before. Subject to a sovereign who rules his other dominions with unrestrained power, it still keeps its ancient constitution, a constitution of a type of which it is the only surviving example. The free state, united to the despotism, has rather advanced than gone back in the path of freedom. Finland is all this, and it is more. It is the land which, more than any other, throws light on our own controversies of the moment. The name of Finland has been constantly brought by way of example into late discussions on the question of Irish Home Rule. And it is almost the only land, outside the dominions of our own sovereign, which has been brought into such discussions with any measure of reason. Talk, on either side, about Hungary and Austria, about Sweden and Norway, about states where the bond of union has taken a federal shape, has been wholly out of place; it could prove nothing either way. But talk about Russia and Finland has not been out of place; if quoting of examples can prove anything in such matters, Finland is the example which is likely to prove most. But we cannot get the full measure of the teaching of that example unless we contrast it with another example. Within a few years two states were added to the dominions of the same despotic sovereign, not quite on the same terms, but on terms so nearly the same that both may be fairly called constitutional states, so nearly the same that the relation of each to the other dominions of the com-

mon sovereign might fairly be called a relation of Home Rule. In 1809 the emperor of all the Russias became constitutional grand duke of Finland. In 1814-15 he became constitutional king of Poland. Constitutional grand duke of Finland his successor remains, ruling over a free and loyal people, who ask for nothing but to be left to enjoy the rights and laws which his predecessor confirmed to them. That there is no longer a constitutional king of Poland no man needs to be told. That is to say, of two like political experiments tried within a few years of each other, one has wonderfully succeeded, the other has lamentably failed. The causes of success and of failure may form a deep study for the political historian. As for the present controversy among ourselves, the contrast may teach something to both sides. If any man is unwise enough to fancy that Home Rule is a remedy for all things, that it is a relation likely to succeed in any time and any place, let him learn better by looking at the sad failure of Home Rule in Poland. But if any man is unwise enough to fancy that Home Rule is some theoretical device which was never tried before, and which, if tried, is in its own nature destined to failure, let him learn better by looking at the wonderful success of Home Rule in Finland, a success on which assuredly the wisest statesman could not have reckoned beforehand.

The Finnish people, the people who have given their name to Finland, claim at starting an unique interest as the only branch of one of the primitive stocks of Europe which has reached to any measure of civilization and historic importance on its own soil. We need not dispute whether the two præ-Aryan stocks at two ends of Europe, that which is represented by the Fins and that which is represented by the Basques, have any connection with one another. It is enough for our purpose that the Finnish race, once so widely spread, has in some parts given way to Aryan settlement, that in others it has made its way by conquest into lands already Aryan, while in one land it has stayed at home and grown its own growth, under Aryan rule certainly, but under a

rule which did not carry with it either displacement, bondage, or assimilation. In the Magyar kingdom the Fin, still speaking his Finnish tongue, bears rule over Aryan subjects. In the Bulgarian lands, delivered and yet to be delivered, he has, as far as speech goes, been assimilated by Aryan subjects and neighbors. But he still keeps something which distinguishes him from other speakers of the kindred Slavonic tongues. In the Baltic provinces of Russia he still lives on through conquest after conquest, along with masters who have become sharers in his bondage. But on the northern side of their own gulf a Finnish people still abide on their own soil, still keeping their national speech and national life, a speech and life which have also endured through two conquests, but conquests each of which has served to raise the conquered to the level, or above the level of their conquerors. Conquest by Sweden brought Finland within the pale of the religion and civilization of Europe. Conquest by Russia gave the Finnish people a distinct national being; inseparable union with the dominions of a despotic ruler has to them meant a step in the path of freedom, a nearer approach than before to the full independence of a nation.

The union of Finland with the Swedish rule on the other side of the Baltic was one of a class of enterprises in which the history of northern Europe is rich. If we are uncharitably given we may say that greed of territorial dominion cloaked itself under the garb of religious zeal; but we shall show better understanding of the spirit of the time, if we say that ambition, love of adventure, and a genuine zeal for religious conversion, all walked side by side, and were often united in the same person. In the latter half of the twelfth century the combined work of conquest and conversion began with the Swedish king Eric, who bears the title of the saint. Such an enterprise passed in those days for a crusade, and the Swedish crusades in Finland at least bore better fruits than the German crusades in the Wendish and Prussian and southern Finnish lands. The land became part of the Swedish dominion; the law and the creed of Sweden

became the law and the creed of Finland; Swedish colonists largely settled in the country; but the older people were neither displaced, enslaved, nor assimilated. The Fin, speaking his Finnish tongue, was a subject of the Swedish king, a member of the Swedish kingdom, on the same terms as his Swedish fellow-subject. He shared, for good and for evil, the destinies of the State of which he had become part. He had his one neighbor and enemy, as the parts of the kingdom on the other side of the northern Mediterranean had theirs. Russian warfare, Russian invasion, have been familiar things in Finnish history from the thirteenth century to the nineteenth. While the Swede advanced from the coast, the Russian advanced from his inland frontier. That frontier has shifted to and fro, as the result of many wars and many treaties. And as the faith of the old Rome advanced along with the march of the Swede, the faith of the new Rome advanced no less along with the march of the Russian.

But Finland, as an integral part of the Swedish kingdom, shared in its religious, no less than in its political revolutions. Fins and Swedes equally accepted the Lutheran Reformation. And to this day the Lutheran creed is the creed of the vast majority of the inhabitants of Finland; the Orthodox faith is professed only in some districts bordering on Russia, and which have been, at one time or another, under Russian dominion. And we must remember that in Sweden, as in England, the religious change did not involve anything like the same break with the traditions of the past which it involved in most Continental countries. The hierarchy went on, and kept its old political place. The ancient constitution of Sweden, changed in modern times in Sweden itself, lives on in Finland. The four Houses of the Diet, Nobles, Clergy, Burghers, and Peasants, still come together under a grand duke who is also emperor of all the Russias, as they once did under the king of the Goths and Vandals. The keeping of this ancient constitution, a native and unique growth of the joint Swedish and Finnish soil, would alone make Finland one of the most interesting political studies in Europe.

There is nothing like it now elsewhere. Most lands had three Estates; England was meant to have them as well as others. But, as compared with most Continental constitutions, it is the special glory of Sweden and Finland to have had something so specially its own as the House of Peasants. The position of the nobles was a privileged and a powerful one; in particular times and places it might even be an oppressive one; but the mass of the people of Sweden and Finland were never serfs or villains.

The course of events which led to the present state of things, the change of Finland from an integral part of the Swedish kingdom to a separate state inseparably united with the Russian empire under a common sovereign, may be said to have directly begun in the central years of the eighteenth century. But certain tendencies, not indeed to union with Russia, but to a feeling of separate being as distinct from Sweden, are older. The very wars with Russia helped to strengthen it. The geographical position of the country, the exposed neighbor of Russia, while Sweden was the neighbor of Norway and Denmark, often caused the defence of Finland to be largely left to its own people. The introduction of the style of grand duchy, the position of the grand duchy of Finland as the appanage of a Swedish prince, might also suggest some measure of distinction between the lands east and west of the northern gulf. Still Finland remained a part of the Swedish kingdom. The grand duchy shared in all the revolutions of the kingdom, alike in those which set up the nobles at the expense of the king and in those which set up the king at the expense of the nobles. And in such revolutions, if some discontented grandees cast their eyes another way, the heart of the Finnish people was ever with their king.

In later, no less than in earlier times, Finland was naturally the scene of every war between Sweden and Russia. And we may say that any ruler of Russia must have been endowed with more than human virtue if he did not wish to get possession both of Finland and of the lands specially known as the Baltic provinces. When the only Russian outlet was at Archangel, the

yearning must have been strong indeed to find a path to the more inviting sea that lay so near. And when the Russian capital had been placed so near to the Finnish frontier, a capital planted on ground actually won from Sweden, the yearning must have become yet stronger. Russia was, as far as geography goes, like Poland cut off from the sea by Prussia, like France, in an earlier day, cut off from the sea by Normandy. No wonder then that, in all times, and in the eighteenth century above all earlier times, Finland was ever a main object of Russian warfare and Russian policy. The wars of Charles the Twelfth, ended after his death by the Peace of Nystad in 1721, led to a Russian occupation of Finland and to the cession of a piece of Finnish territory. The war of 1741-43 led to another occupation and another cession; the Russian frontier again advanced. But this invasion was distinguished from earlier ones by the very significant fact that the Empress Elizabeth caused the inhabitants of the occupied country to swear allegiance to herself. But it does not appear that the loyalty of any part of the Finnish people to the Swedish crown was ever seriously disturbed till the changes of 1772, when Gustavus the Third restored the royal authority at the cost of the nobles. The general loyalty of the people was not disturbed then; but some of the discontented nobles began to hope to better themselves by making Finland a separate state, an aristocratic state, under Russian protection. In the next war, waged by Gustavus the Fourth in 1788-90, this party did not scruple to enter into direct intrigues with the Empress Catharine. But the mass of the people claved to their king, and this time the war was ended without any further cession of territory.

The fruits of all these movements came, though in a much better form than could have been looked for, in the early years of our own century. In the next war, the invasion by the Czar Alexander the First in 1808 led to the complete separation of Finland and the other Swedish lands east of the Gulf of Bothnia from the Swedish crown. Finland was conquered and annexed by the conqueror; but it was an-

nexed after a fashion in which one may suppose that no other conquered land ever was annexed. In fact one may doubt whether "annexed" is the right word. Since 1809 the crowns of Russia and Finland are necessarily worn by the same person; the Russian and the Finnish nation have necessarily the same sovereign. But Finland is not incorporated with Russia; in everything but the common sovereign Russia and Finland are countries foreign to one another. And when we speak of the crown and the nation of Finland, we speak of a crown and a nation which were called into being by the will of the conqueror himself. The first act of Alexander, in June, 1808, while the war was still going on, was to call on the Four Estates of Finland to send deputies to Saint-Petersburg to confer with him on the affairs of the grand duchy. Their advice was to recommend the summoning of a formal Diet of the grand duchy within the country itself. So the czar did in March, 1809. One may call it a formal Diet; but one cannot call it a regular Diet. A Diet of the grand duchy of Finland, apart from the Diet of the kingdom of Sweden, was something wholly new. The conqueror had possession of part of the Swedish dominions, and he called on the people of that part to meet him in a separate parliament, but one chosen in exactly the same way as the existing law prescribed for the common parliament of the whole. The representatives of the Four Estates of the conquered lands, instead of going to meet their former sovereign and the representatives of the rest of his dominions, came together by themselves on their own soil to meet the new sovereign whom the chances of war had given them. In his new character of grand duke of Finland, the Czar Alexander came to Borgå, and there on March 27th, 1809, fully confirmed the existing constitution, laws, and religion of his new State. The position of that State is best described in his own words. Speaking neither Swedish nor Finnish, and speaking to hearers who understood no Russian, the new grand duke used the French tongue. Finland was "*Placé désormais au rang des nations*;" it was a "*Nation tranquille au dehors, libre dans l'intérieur*." And it was a nation of his own founding. The people of Finland had ceased to be part of the Swedish nation; they had not become part of the Russian nation; they had become a nation by themselves.

All this, be it remembered, happened before the formal cession of the lost lands

by Sweden to Russia. This was not made till the Peace of Frederikshamn on September 17th of the same year. The treaty contained no stipulation for the political rights of Finland; their full confirmation by the new sovereign was held to be enough. Two years later, in 1811, the boundary of the new state was enlarged. Alexander, emperor of all the Russias and grand duke of Finland, cut off from his empire, and added to his grand duchy, the Finnish districts which has been ceded by Sweden to Russia sixty years before. The boundary of his constitutional grand duchy was brought very near indeed to the capital of his despotic empire.

I have called the relation of Finland to Russia a relation of Home Rule, and so it is practically. Home Rule is the relation of a dependency, of a State which has a separate constitution in all internal matters, but which has all external matters settled for it by another power. This is practically the position of Finland. Formally we might say that it has a higher position. Russia and Finland, with their sovereign necessarily the same, but otherwise separate states, might seem to be formally in the same relation as Sweden and Norway, as Hungary and Austria, as Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800. But practically Finland is a dependency of Russia. She was made to feel the fact somewhat sharply some six or seven and thirty years back, when it was thought a noble exploit of the British arms to work havoc on the shores of Finland, in order, we were told, to prolong the Turk's power of oppression at the other end of Europe. Truly the Fins must have learned by that hard teaching, that, though their duchy was with good reason called a nation by the prince who made it such, yet it is not a nation in any international sense. When the fruits of the earth were given to the flames on the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia in order that the barbarian might more easily work his evil will on the shores of the Bosphorus, the men of Finland must have felt of a truth that their crown and the crown of Russia are inseparable. It did not occur to the destroyers to make the distinction which they might possibly have thought it politic to make in the case of Hungary or Norway. That the position of Finland, formally the same, is practically different from that of the last two named lands is shown by the ordinary forms of diplomacy. There are Austro-Hungarian embassies all about; there is no Russo-Finnish embassy.

It must not be forgotten that Alexander, despotic emperor and constitutional grand duke, tried the same experiment again a few years later, when he took on him a third character as constitutional king of Poland. But it has been said already that the experiment which succeeded in Finland failed in Poland. We may fairly say that it succeeded in Finland, though the full accomplishment of the promises of the first sovereign grand duke had to wait till the days of the third. It is strange that Alexander never had another Diet of Finland after the first when he took possession. After such a precedent, Nicolas was not likely to go beyond his brother in the constitutional path. But the land was neither neglected nor oppressed. Finland had no such grounds of revolt as Poland had. And with the illustrious son of Nicolas came a brighter day. Alexander the Second, the prince who broke the bonds of the serf in his own land and who gave a national being to enslaved Bulgaria, did something for Finland also. Since 1863 Diets have been regularly held, and the year 1869 saw somewhat of a Finnish Reform Bill. It cannot be denied that the old constitution of the Four Houses, while the most precious of specimens as a political study, is a somewhat antiquated and clumsy machine for practical use. Under the Swedish constitution which lived on unaltered in Finland, large classes of the nation found no representation in any House of the Diet. This is the tendency of a system of Estates. Classes of men will arise, who have the same interest in the country and the same capacity for serving it with any of the represented classes, but whom the system of representation shuts out. There were men in Finland, as in Sweden, who did not rank under any of the heads of Nobles, Clergy, Burghers, or Peasants. An Englishman is perhaps most struck with the strange position of all members of noble families save one at a time. The head of each noble house can either take his seat in the House of Nobles himself or send some other member of his family to represent him there. The rest of the kin were till 1869 utterly disfranchised. Their share in the House of Nobles was held by another; nor could they find a place among Clergy, Burghers, or Peasants. Again, the House of Burghers was narrowly confined to members of incorporated guilds, shutting out of course many of the most intelligent inhabitants of the towns. There were landowners too, who, as not coming under the head of either Nobles or Peasants,

were equally disfranchised. Something was done in 1869 to make things a little wider. The franchise for the House of Burghers was largely extended, so as to take in all tax-paying inhabitants of the towns who are not nobles or clergy. The Peasant House now takes in all landowners, who are not nobles, clergy, or government officials—who are altogether shut out from the Diet—and the tenants of crown lands. The House of Clergy takes in some representatives of the University of Helsingfors and of the public schools, who may of course be laymen. And the utter disfranchisement of the great mass of the descendants of noble families is slightly relieved by allowing them, if qualified, to elect and be elected to the House of Clergy, but not to those of Burghers or Peasants. Thus those in Finland who may answer to North and Pitt and Fox, to Althorp and Stanley, to Lord John Russell and the new Duke of Devonshire, could have found their way into Parliament only in a clerical or academical guise, unless the several peers to whose families they belonged had chosen to send them to the House of Lords instead of themselves.

Many patriotic men in Finland abstractedly wish this system to be changed. They would in theory like to make the same change which has been made in Sweden, to have two Houses after the pattern of most other nations. But they do not want to touch anything just now. Who was it who had written on his tomb, "I was well; but, trying to be better, I am here?" That is the present feeling of Finland. Some things might conceivably be made better; but the fear is that, if anything is touched, it will be made, not better but worse. Finland is not a land of political parties. Such division as there is in the country turns, as it is sure to turn wherever the materials for the controversy exist, on difference of language. Swedish is naturally the most cultivated language, the one which naturally claims a precedence to itself. But, just as with Czech in Bohemia, with Flemish in Belgium, Finnish, the truer language of the country is looking up. Both are recognized as official languages; and the thought comes in whether, in such a state of things, there are not some advantages about a sovereign who does not belong to either. But the really wonderful thing is, not that Swedes and Fins have sometimes found matter for dispute, but that they have on the whole agreed so well as they have. But in Finland Swedes and Fins,

though they may have their disputes on smaller matters, are united in a common purpose to defend the rights of their common country. Are those rights threatened? It is perhaps too soon to speak with certainty either way. But it is certain that a feeling of coming danger has long been spreading over the country. The present czar and grand duke has held the Diets of his grand duchy regularly, even more frequently than his father. But he will not go on doing so if he listens to the clamors of a large part of his Russian subjects. A dead set seems to be making by a large part of the Russian press against the chartered liberties of Finland. One would have thought that, with Finland before his eyes, the first thought in the mind of a patriotic Russian would be to aim at levelling up, not at levelling down. It would surely be a nobler work to make Russia as Finland than to make Finland as Russia. It is widely believed that that was the mind of Alexander the Second, that he who had so carefully restored the rights of his lesser dominion was, when both his dominions lost him, pondering how to extend equal rights to the greater. But with large classes at least in Russia it seems to be thought patriotic to assert the unity of the empire, and to speak of the liberties of Finland as a blot on the face of that unity. It is argued that, when Alexander the First with his own mouth proclaimed that the people of Finland were a free nation, he did not know what he was saying. All that he meant was that he was enlarging his empire by a new province, to which of his grace he granted some privileges which he or his successors might at any moment take away. Of his own grace it certainly was that Alexander the First used the rights of conquest as no other conqueror before him ever used them. But it is a strange argument to infer that because a thing was graciously given, it may, without breach of faith, without scorn of a monarch's kingly word, be ungraciously taken back again.

Besides this generally threatening temper in Russia, the immediate ground of dread is the appointment of a commission, Russian and Finnish, to codify the fundamental laws of Finland. Patriotic Finlanders, Swedish and Finnish, say that it is better to let well alone. They do not know what "codification" may mean, and whatever it means, they had rather not have it just now. It is not a moment for reform, when things look so much as if

reform might haply turn to destruction. The belief in Finland is that reform, that "codification," in the eyes of some who have power and influence, means nothing short of the overthrow of the liberties of the grand duchy, the liberties which the first Alexander preserved in the moment of conquest, and to which his successors, peacefully succeeding, have each one plighted his kingly word. Rumor points to projected changes of no small moment. If some schemes that are believed to be under discussion are carried out, the political and religious independence, the very national being, of the Finnish nation is to be blotted out. The national Church, secured by the plighted word of the first conqueror, is to sink to the position of a tolerated sect, while the Orthodox creed — to Russia a cherished badge of national life, to Finland the very opposite — is to be set in its place as the established religion of the grand duchy as well as of the empire. Offices in Finland are, it is said, to be opened to all subjects of the Russian crown, including men to whom both the languages of Finland may be unknown. And though the Diet may still possibly be allowed to meet, yet it is believed that a change is coming by which the grand duke may, if he think good, legislate in Finland, as in Russia, of his own will, whether the Estates of the duchy consent or no. A writer in another land, who has no means of prying into the secrets of princes and their advisers, can put forth such statements as these only as rumors. He may hope that no such purposes are really entertained; he may hope that, if they are entertained, something may still step in to thwart them. He can only say that changes of this kind are believed to be threatening. For himself he can go no farther than to say that things can hardly be in a wholesome state, that there can hardly be that confidence which there ought to be between prince and people, that confidence which not many years back there undoubtedly was, when rumors of purposes like these can so much as be believed.

Grievous indeed it would be if the cherished rights of this interesting corner of Europe, so rich in memories of early days and early races, should be swept away out of mere caprice. It was sad when the last trace of the liberties of Poland was blotted out; but Poland had at least twice revolted; even from Alexander the Second we could not look for a virtue so superhuman that no king or common-

wealth ever practised it, the virtue of letting a people go, simply because they wish to be let go. But all that Alexander the Third is called on to do is simply to do nothing, to leave alone the good work which Alexander the First began and which Alexander the Second carried to perfection. Well may the world weep, well may Russia and Finland weep, for the day when the murderer's hand cut short the high career of the deliverer. Had he lived, we should not have seen Bulgaria driven to see friends in the Turk and the Austrian rather than in the son and the people of him who set her free. Had he lived, there would have been no fear of Finland being dragged down to the level of Russia; there might have been a hope of Russia being lifted up to the level of Finland. The prospect is gloomy, gloomiest of all is it for those who wished the father God speed on every step of his path of glory, and who mourn the more that they have to look out with fear and trembling for every coming step in the path of the son. It would be grievous if the cause of Finnish freedom should be turned to the base purposes of the vulgar slanderers of Russia, of those who seem to take a fiend's delight in stirring up strife between the two powers who are called above all others to the deliverance of the south-eastern lands. It is for them to speak to whom Russia, her people and her rulers, are simply like the people and the rulers of any other nation; it is for them who can, in the case of Russia as in any other case, applaud wise and righteous dealing and condemn dealing which is unwise and unrighteous. In the great meeting of December, 1876, the meeting which saved us from a war yet more needless and unrighteous than that of 1854, no name drew forth louder cheers than every mention of Russia, her people and her prince. And those cheers were well deserved. Those who raised them then, who would raise them again in the like case, would hardly raise them now, when they look to the past and the present of Bulgaria, to the future that may be of Finland. Still the blow has not fallen; there is still hope that it may not fall. What Bohemia has been robbed of, what Ireland yearns for, Finland still keeps. The third Alexander has still time to turn about and walk in the steps of the first and of the second. Let him school himself to do the deeds of his father, and the blessings that waited on his father will wait on him.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"CARPY:" A STORY OF TO-DAY.

"PETUNIA, you horrify me!" exclaimed Mrs. Chertsey, shrinking her shoulders into her chair.

"That's what comes of living for four years in India," answered her cousin pityingly. "You've lost touch with actualities. You're out of the movement, Lodora, utterly out of the movement."

"I'd rather be out of the movement than do what you've done."

"Of course," was the reply. "You'd have preferred to see me remain contemptibly unproductive, with all the splendors of three hundred a year before me as my ultimate destiny. Thank you."

"I didn't understand its full abomination when you wrote out to me about it; but I perceive it now, and I shudder."

"Leave off shuddering," retorted the other—"it's idiotic. Look at things as they are, if you please. Just listen. There are too many already at bonnets and dresses; women don't go yet to the Stock Exchange, or take up book-making. I couldn't write a novel to save myself from the rack; and if I did, it would be so vilely bad that nobody would read it. I have not muscle enough to try mining in South Africa; and yet I wanted money startlingly. So I had the sense to utilize the only power I possessed—my position and my name. I saw a need; I satisfied the need; and I've got the money."

"But—what on earth does your father say to it?"

"Of course papa dislikes it, and pretends that he's ashamed. So, as I'm very fond of him, and didn't want to cause him any pain I could avoid, I told him, dutifully and tenderly, when I began, that, if he'd settle a couple of thousands a year on me for life, I'd put up the shutters. He declared he couldn't, and I think it was the truth. Therefore I went on, and am prospering. Doesn't it look striking on the door-plate?"

LADY PETUNIA FITZ-HOLLYHOCK & Co.
(Limited),
SOCIETY CONTRACTORS."

"Oh, very striking; very striking indeed!" answered Mrs. Chertsey disconsolately. "So striking that it upsets my nerves altogether."

"Oh, if I'd paid attention to other people's nerves," was the scornful rejoinder, "I should have remained a pauper. I've none of my own. I live exclusively in the unruffled atmosphere of my interests. I'm 'modern,' as they say in Paris. I con-

sider myself to be the very latest development of modernity."

"And does this horrid business succeed? Do you mean to say that it brings in profits?"

"Succeed? Profits? I made over six thousand last year, and I shall reach ten this year."

"Petunia!"

"Lodora?"

"I don't believe it."

"Shall I show you my books?"

"Books? You keep accounts?" exclaimed Mrs. Chertsey, with amazement. "Why, when we were children you couldn't add six and three together."

"That's true. I asserted that they made sixty-three. I don't say that now."

"But — what is it that you do? In what consists your frightful trade?"

"I render society services to people who need them, and can pay for them — an enormous class, my dear."

"And, pray, what does that exactly mean?"

"How stupid you are, Lodora! Why, I get invitations for them; introduce them; bring guests to their dinners and their balls; choose their clothes; arrange marriages for them; and I'm now preparing to extend my business by contracting to supply knowledge of the world, good manners, the faculty of conversation, presentable relations, and an unspotted past; all of which articles are in great demand. For these acts I take a high commission."

"It's awful to listen to you!"

"How sweet you are, Lodora!"

"But — your friends? The world? Your own situation?"

"My friends envy my income, and entreat me to discover heiresses for their sons. The world says I'm a plucky woman for daring to do openly what so many others have been doing secretly. My situation is that of a universal benefactor. Why, Mr. Gladstone himself told me, the other day, that I'm 'a phase.' He's going to write an article about me in the *Nineteenth Century*, showing how superior I am, from a psychological point of view, to Marie Bashkirtseff. The mob regards me with patriotic pride, as a new, national, noble British institution."

"Your cynicism is revolting," quavered out Mrs. Chertsey, shaking her hands in the air before her, as if to repeal the cruel thoughts that oppressed her.

"And the antiquity of your ideas is deplorable. You'd better go back to India. You'll be more in your place there. Why didn't you stop there?"

"How unfeeling you are! You're perfectly aware that I was ill, and was forced to come home. Besides — there was another reason."

"Another reason? What reason?"

Mrs. Chertsey (who was a weak-minded person) gazed wandringly around her. After glaring at the flowers and the ornaments grouped about the room, she fixed her eyes upon a picture representing Cupid talking confidentially to a young lady, and seemed to ask it for advice. At last she stammered out, "You know my husband has relations in Australia?"

"I don't. But treat me as if I did."

"Well, a cousin of his, a Mr. Cornstalk, came up to Simla last year, and informed Puggy that he was a great horse-breeder in Queensland — three thousand foals a year, fancy that! — and that he wanted to organize direct sales in India, because the middle-men ate up too much of his profit. Puggy, who is a born dealer, thought there might be a chance of a pull for himself, and brought the man to stay with us, so as to get hold of him."

"Thus far the tale is not exciting," observed Lady Petunia, yawning.

"Well," went on the other, taking no notice of the interruption, "it turned out that this cousin was monstrously rich, and that he had a sister as rich as himself —"

"And a sharer in the horse-breeding?"

"It's their joint affair; the estate was left by their father to the two together, and they've gone on with it in partnership."

"That sister is beginning to interest me," put in Lady Petunia approvingly. "She must be wise — like me."

"I don't know about that. If she were wise she would stop where she is, and go on breaking buck-jumpers — her brother says she's an astonishing rider — instead of which she's coming to England to try to get into society."

"To get into society?" echoed Lady Petunia eagerly, almost springing up. "Lodora, you're sent straight to me by heaven! A client! From Australia! The first I've had of that extraction! I'll undertake her. When will she be here?"

"Don't talk in that way," exclaimed the other protestingly. "I'm going to do it myself, of course; it's my duty."

"That's taking the bread out of my mouth. She belongs legitimately to me. Besides, you can't do it; you're utterly incapable of it; you're not the woman for it."

"Puggy thinks I am, and he begged

me most particularly to look after her, because of his arrangements with her brother."

"I tell you you can't do it."

"I must. They made up some plan between them about the horses. Of course Puggy couldn't show in it, on account of his position; but he's to have his pull, and I'm to take up the sister here as part of the bargain."

"You odious impostor!" burst out Lady Petunia, shaking her cousin's shoulder, and laughing at her. "So you're carrying on your own little business in the dark, are you? And yet you presume to abuse me for doing mine in the daylight. Do you call that honesty?"

"Upon my word, I never gave a thought to the business," retorted Mrs. Chertsey, almost angrily. "I want to help Puggy; that's all."

"Poor innocent! It's lovely to listen to you. Do you want a share of my commission? Is that it?"

"Petunia! you insult me."

"Don't be silly. You know you're safe with me; so speak out. How much do you ask for bringing her to me?"

"I won't bring her to you at all," exclaimed the other, losing her temper. "My sole object is to serve Puggy. It's a shame of you to impute anything else to me. I'm very angry with you."

"Well, frankly, married people have stupendous notions about their relations with each other! Are your Mr. Puggy's interests separate from your own? In serving him are you not serving yourself? And in making a little money yourself are you not serving him?"

"That never occurred to me," replied Mrs. Chertsey awkwardly, almost meekly.

"Then it had better occur. Look here. Give your friend the choice between us; that's all I ask of you. Offer her your own help for nothing; let me offer her mine for money; and let's see which she'll select. I'll lay you three to two, in anything you like, that she comes to me of her own free will."

"But what would Puggy say?"

"Puggy would say, 'Do the best for her;' and as I can do better than you, he would tell you to leave her to me. Besides, if the girl chooses for herself, what has he got to do with it?"

"Yes, that's true," murmured Mrs. Chertsey feebly, dominated by her strong-willed cousin; "yes, perhaps he might say that. And I dare say you've means of action that I haven't; and it may be that, as you tell me, I'm not the woman for it—

I've been away so long, you know. I suppose there'll be no harm in your seeing her, and that Puggy won't blame me for that."

"Let her decide; that's all."

"Yes; I'll do that. Good-bye, Petunia. I wish you hadn't taken up this miserable commerce, and said all those nasty things to me. I shall dream about it."

A fortnight afterwards Miss Cornstalk reached London from Brisbane. Mrs. Chertsey had her to dinner on the evening of her arrival, and saw a fair, very slight, short girl, not pretty, of about five-and-twenty. Her movements were vividly full of mixed lightness and vigor, and her face bore a striking expression of animation and intelligence. As soon as they were alone, the girl said, looking scrutinizingly at her hostess, —

"Tom told me I can speak out to you; not only because we're relations in a kind of a way, but because it's your interest to help me."

"I do want to help you," was the not over-pleased reply. "But it depends on what you want me to do and on my power of doing it."

"Why, I thought all that was settled between your husband and Tom," answered the other, sitting up with an appearance of surprise. "You've to take me into good society in London. Tom said you were a big person, and in a position to do it."

"I'm not a big person at all; but I dare say I could do a little for you."

"Oh, a little isn't enough. I want a good deal. And I'm in a hurry, too. I can't stay very long over here. I've only come for a few months."

"But, getting into society is a process that needs time."

"Time? I've got no time. I want you to put me in at once."

"My dear Miss Cornstalk," was the expostulating response, "you are asking for impossibilities."

"Impossibilities? Am I to infer from that word that you are unable to carry out the arrangement made between your husband and my brother?"

"I've not said I'm unable to carry it out," protested Mrs. Chertsey, who was growing frightened at the tone of her visitor; "and even were I personally unable," she added hastily, "there might be other channels of action which you could try."

"Other channels? Why, I don't know a soul in the place excepting you."

"But I can open other channels to you. At all events I can manage that. For in-

stance, I've a cousin who, I'm sure, could help you."

"Who's she?"

"Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock."

"Who's Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock?"

"Daughter of the Earl of Oakleaves."

"And why is she able to do more for me than you can yourself?"

"Because," stammered Mrs. Chertsey shyly, but trying to laugh off her timidity, "because, — what I'm going to say is very strange, and perhaps, at first, you won't quite believe it; but it's true, — because she's taken up introducing people into society as a profession — for money."

"For money?" echoed the other, in amazement. "For money? Well, that does dazzle the eyes! But it's prodigiously funny. Oh, it's prodigiously — prodigiously — funny. Are there many here who do that?"

"Oh no. She's the only one yet — publicly, I mean; though lots of them do it privately. That's why I speak to you about her. But, of course, there'll be plenty more soon, as she's succeeding so well."

"Does she charge high?"

"Really — I don't — I don't know," was the confused reply. "Besides, I only mentioned Petunia by accident. I intend, naturally, of course — that is to say, necessarily — to do all I can for you myself. But still, you see, Petunia —"

"Yes, yes, I see. I see distinctly. You needn't explain. Morally, it's not pretty; but, politically, I like the notion of your Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock, daughter of the Earl of Oakleaves, setting up in business — particularly that sort of business. Besides, if she does it for money, she'll be quick over it, so as to get her pay. And that's what I want. I can afford it. I've brought a credit with me. When shall we go to her? I'm quite convinced, already, that she can do more for me than you can."

"Well," faltered out the other, painfully humbled and limply helpless, "whenever you like."

"To-morrow, then; to-morrow, at eleven. I'll call for you. You can't imagine how this interests me. This alone was worth coming for, even if I discover nothing else."

When, next morning, Miss Cornstalk reached the door of Lady Petunia's office and read the inscription on it, she stood still, meditating. After a silence, she murmured to herself, "I suspect this is only the freak of a restive woman. But still, it would have been impossible to realize

such a notion if the general condition of society had not led up to it. It may be a symptom; if it is, it's a grave one. I must get to the bottom of it."

She went thoughtfully up-stairs.

Lady Petunia looked at her curiously, shook hands with her warmly, and asked her eagerly, "You know what my profession is?"

"I do."

"Then I'll go straight to the point with you, and not waste either your time or mine. May I put a few questions to you?"

"Put."

"Miss Cornstalk, what is your precise object in coming to London?"

"To obtain personal information as to the condition of England. I'm going to begin by examining the national utility of your good society."

Lady Petunia stared at her, and wondered whether she was quite in her senses.

"That's a large subject," she observed: "but, is that all?"

"So far as my specific aim goes, yes. Subsidiarily, I'm ready to amuse myself, and to profit by anything else that may come in my way."

"Ah! What would you say, for instance, if a marriage came in your way?"

"I should say, No, thank you."

"May I inquire why?"

"Because I haven't come for that. My future is in Queensland. I shall go back there when I've done here."

"As we're discussing business, and as you appear to be an extremely business-like and practical person, permit me to point out to you that you would facilitate your entrance into English society if you allowed it to be supposed that you've come to look for a husband."

"Wouldn't it be enough to give them entertainments? I don't tell lies."

"Well, entertainments, as you call them, can be given by any one who can pay for them; there are too many of them as it is. But a big heiress, like you, is rare. Do you perceive the nature of my argument?"

"Yes, yes, I perceive; I perceive luminously. Still, as I have just said, I don't tell lies; it isn't my system of action."

"Really, you can't call it lying. Let me assure you it's essential in every case — not only in your case, but in every case — to lead people to suppose that they can get something out of you in exchange for what they give you; and, of all that can be got out of a rich girl like you, the hope of matrimony with you would most tempt the sort of people you want to know. They all have starving sons and brothers.

I beg you, at all events — if you put yourself into my hands — not to blaze about that you won't have it."

"You're teaching me already a good deal about the situation of this country," remarked the girl, with a cold smile. "We'll postpone that, however, if you please. What I've come for is to ask how much it would cost me to employ you. Have you a price-list?"

Lady Petunia tried to appear amused, but only succeeded in looking distinctly uncomfortable. She answered: "My charges are elastic. They vary with the people I have to deal with. I find it prudent, in most cases, to stipulate for money down beforehand; but I won't ask that from such a person as you."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Though I've only seen you for five minutes, I recognize that you are unlike any one I have undertaken thus far."

"I'm glad to hear that also."

"I feel certain, somehow, that you are intensely honest, and will play no tricks with me. I'll make a proposal to you. If you are satisfied with my work on your behalf (which you will be), you shall give me a thousand at the end of the season. What do you say to that?"

"What do *you* say to it?" asked the girl, turning slowly to Mrs. Chertsey, who had been sitting in rather gloomy silence.

That lady started, and exclaimed, "Really, I can advise nothing. I'm ready to do my little best for you. It would be little, but it would be my best; and Puggy expects it of me. If you prefer Petunia, it must be in consequence of your own free option, not because I advise you."

"That's all you have to say?" demanded Miss Cornstalk, with a movement of the eyebrows that came to her each time she was surprised or vexed. "I'd made up my mind before I put the question to you; but, as I was consigned to you, I thought it was civil to appear to consult you. Lady Petunia," she went on, "I accept your terms. Let's settle the programme and begin."

"My dear, you're quite delightful," was the enthusiastic reply. "Oh, if they were all like you! You'll do. Now I must inscribe you in my register. What's your Christian name?"

"Carpentaria is my baptismal appellation (it's a gulf out there); but as it's long, I'm known as 'Carpy.'"

"Miss Carpy Cornstalk! Well, that will look effective in print. There's a character about it that will make people read it twice. And it's easy to pronounce.

One of the drawbacks of my profession is that I have to deal sometimes with the bearers of such unapproachable names that I'm half afraid to ask for invitations for them. My first client was a Mrs. Krasejevacz, a Servian Jewess, and the second a Bombay woman called Dosabhai. I prefer Carpy Cornstalk."

"Oh, yes," intervened Mrs. Chertsey mistily. "Puggy told me her name was Carpentaria. I remember now. I knew it had something to do with geography."

"I think, Miss Cornstalk," continued Lady Petunia, "you'd better begin by arranging with my cousin to come to stay at your hotel and go about with you. You must have a chaperon, you know. With all our goings-on here, we stand up for appearances (at least we've done so thus far), and it won't do for you to be alone."

Mrs. Chertsey, with resignation, let fall the words, "I'll do whatever you like. I'll help in any way; because of Puggy, you know."

"And now," continued Lady Petunia in an animated tone, "we'll see about some dresses for you (I warn you I shall receive a commission on them from the maker), and the day after to-morrow I'll take you to a dinner-party given by another client of mine, Mrs. Olympus, the widow of Bethlehem Z. Olympus of Pittsburg, who made a huge fortune by manufacturing variegated marble chimney-pieces out of compressed oyster-shells."

The guests at the dinner were furnished by Lady Petunia. The Marquess of Cheviot was the head man, Lady Dungeness the head woman, and there were various subordinates. Mrs. Olympus was convinced that all the men wanted to marry her and all the women to get services out of her; and that they would entertain, respectively, precisely the same feelings towards Miss Cornstalk as soon as they heard that she was rich.

"It isn't you or me they want, my dear," she observed to that young lady, when they got into a corner after dinner. "Our individualities count totally for nothing. It's what we can give them. I've only been at it a month, but I've seen into the axis of the thing already."

"And what else have you discovered in the axis?" asked Miss Cornstalk, laughing.

"I've found a doubt. I'm wondering whether, at that price, it's really worth having."

"Of course not," was the emphatic reply. "Neither at that price, nor at any other."

"Oh my! If that's your view, what have you come for?"

"Political instruction."

Mrs. Olympus opened her eyes at the girl. For a moment she fancied she was being laughed at. But she saw at once that the other was in earnest, and broke out, "Political instruction? That is voluminous. You'll get none of that in the scramble here. There's no instruction of any sort in circulation—except about reputations. I haven't learnt the value of an old hairpin since I landed."

"I'm quite ready to believe you. But, for reasons, I want to see it with my own sight. By the way, what have *you* come for?"

"Because it's the right thing for an American to do. It makes us pleased with ourselves to get into the smart houses here."

"Ah?"

"Yes; certainly. Haven't you the same feeling out your way?"

"Not much. Our people think too much of themselves for that. Some of them are so convinced of their extreme importance that they'd like to bat and keep wicket to their own bowling."

"We've got that sort, too," remarked the inhabitant of Pittsburg.

"Is Lady Petunia doing for you all that you expected?" inquired the Australian.

"Isn't she! She's putting me along quite nobly. My dear, she's a driving-wheel of very big diameter."

"She's taken up an odd trade."

"That's her affair. It's handy for you and me. And I like her as a woman. Now you go and be made love to. All the men are waiting for you, don't you see?"

Miss Cornstalk's eyebrows lifted.

Mrs. Olympus added as they parted, "Little Gawaine is the only finished article among them. The others are all waste material. Try Gawaine."

A minute afterwards Lord Cheviot and Sir Cerdic Gawaine were introduced by Lady Petunia to Carpy, and sat down right and left of her.

"Charming person, Mrs. Olympus," asserted Lord Cheviot airily.

"I hear you've come to England to study us, Miss Cornstalk," remarked Sir Cerdic seriously.

She looked at each of them twice investigatingly, and then turned slowly to Sir Cerdic, affording to Lord Cheviot an opportunity (of which he availed himself copiously) of considering the extreme whiteness of her shoulders. After a time, however, as he saw that she did not mean

to turn back again, he found the shoulders insufficient to content him, and went away in indignation.

The girl made answer to the second observation. "Yes; I've come to see what you are like. Can you help me to arrive at an impression?"

"In no way. I have never succeeded in forming, even for my private use, a definite opinion as to our condition or value."

Miss Cornstalk twisted her eyebrows, and asked, "From indifference?—from incapacity?—or from the difficulty of the subject?"

Sir Cerdic stared at her. "You put things plainly," he said, with manifest astonishment.

"I suppose you mean that I'm rough," she answered quietly. "I know I am. I wasn't softened when I was little; there was nobody to do it; I had no mother. But I'm trying to improve myself. Why have you formed no opinion about the condition of the English?"

"Because the more I study them, the more do I recognize the contradictions and the complications they present, and the less do I feel able to arrive at any conviction about them."

"How old are you?"

He stared again. After a few seconds, he told her, "Thirty-two."

"And at that age you've not found life long enough to enable you to unravel those contradictions and complications?"

"I don't expect to find it long enough at any other age."

"And I who intend to pass sentence on you in a month!"

"Doesn't it occur to you that it will be presumptuous to do so?"

"Presumptuous or not, I'm going to try."

"But why on earth do you want to pass sentence on us? Can't you be content to amuse yourself amongst us?"

"No; that's not my way. Besides, I've two reasons."

"Would it be indiscreet to inquire what are those two reasons?"

"Not a bit. The reasons are, that I want to learn; and that, when I've learnt, I want to use my knowledge."

"Do you know that you puzzle me and interest me?" exclaimed the other, looking at her with curiosity.

"I didn't know it; but now that you mention it, I think it's very likely."

"May I go on questioning you?"

"I shan't mind it any more than water minds being wetted."

He stared at her for the third time, almost with bewilderment.

"Well, first of all," he went on, as soon as he had recovered, "how do you mean to use your knowledge when you've got it?"

The girl became grave.

"Sir Cerdic Gawaine," she said, "I live in a land where we think a deal of ourselves, and are self-willed and independent. Yet, all the same, a good many of us, down in our hearts, look up fondly to the old mother country, and feel a traditional tenderness for her, and want to go on respecting her. But we've our Radicals, just as you have yours, and our Radicals pretend that the mother country isn't worth respecting. I've come to see."

"To see?" he repeated in a tone of utter incomprehension.

"Yes; to see. I'm a Conservative. I want to keep things as they are, if I can. And if I find that you're worth respecting, I'll go back and say so. That's my notion of duty."

"Will you forgive me for saying that you don't seem exactly like what we understand here by a Conservative?"

"Don't lose time over definitions; all words have local values. When I tell you I'm a Conservative out there, you may believe me."

"And you suppose that a month's contact with society in London will teach you whether England is worth respecting?"

"No. I'm only going to apply a very simple test. It's a universal rule that those who are worthy of respect from others are always disposed to respect themselves. I shall limit myself to the search for signs of self-respect. As I've no time to hunt for positive proof, I must content myself with negative evidence. When I've finished here, I shall look for the same sign in fields and factories and mines."

"And — why have you undertaken this extraordinary mission?"

"It isn't a mission. It's simply profiting by an opportunity to show that I deserve the place I occupy in the sunlight, and to make the people feel round home that they can trust me, because I work."

"Decidedly, you do interest me," insisted Gawaine, more and more impressed. "Are there many like you 'round home'?"

"A few."

"Well, I may say with certainty that there is nobody like you here."

"So I fancied," remarked Miss Cornstalk thoughtfully. "But what's the use of talking about me? It's waste of time,

and I've none to spare. Do tell me about this society of yours. Is it an honor to England? Or is it only a danger? If it's not the one, it must, of necessity, be the other; all history shows that."

"Your questions are as big as the sky, and as full of light and darkness. It's impossible to answer them off-hand."

"Then think about them, and answer them to-morrow. Lady Dungeness takes me to Hurlingham. Come there to me. You can help me."

Sir Cerdic Gawaine went away and pondered. He felt that he had met an unusual woman, and that his curiosity and his sympathy had been sharply excited by her. He was conscious that there was something special in her; and that, in particular, she possessed a mental freshness absolutely proper to herself, and which (absurd as the comparison appeared) he could liken to nothing else than rosemary and thyme. But he could not get beyond a mere general definition of her. He told himself that she was honest and intelligent, self-confident and extraordinarily outspoken, unconventional and strange. He felt, too, that she attracted him. But the word he kept repeating, and which, for the moment, summed up his only clear impression, was — "Strange!"

Next day it rained. At two o'clock a note reached him, saying: —

"As Hurlingham is impossible, come to me at tea-time.
C. C."

He read the words several times; tried to form an estimate of the writer from the writing; and, finally, put the note rather carefully into a despatch-box, muttering the same word — "Strange!"

"I want you," she said, as they ate their toast together, "to go about amongst the older people of your acquaintance and to ask them what they think of the position held by English society towards the nation."

"They'll tell me that they think I'm off my head for putting such a question," was the laughing answer.

"Never mind what they think about *you*. That doesn't matter. It's what they think about themselves in their relation to the people that I want to know."

"Why, Miss Cornstalk, not one in thirty thousand of them has the faintest conception that such a problem exists."

"Then it's your duty to make them feel that it exists," she exclaimed impatiently; "it's your duty to force them to see its gravity, and to arrive at an opinion on it."

"May I ask why it is *my* duty?"

She looked at him with mixed commiseration and surprise.

"Now there," she said, "is the effect of the enfeebling contacts amidst which you live. You positively have forgotten that it's your duty to speak the truth to those around you."

"I'm not an apostle. I'm simply a —"

"A coward, I fear," she broke in, fixing her eyes sorrowfully upon him.

He started slightly, but answered simply, after a few seconds, "In all sincerity I have never found myself a coward. But I acknowledge that, in my dealings with men and women, I try to be prudent."

"Prudence and cowardice are twins," she murmured.

"Now what is the use," urged Gawaine, "as you said of yourself last night, of talking about me? Pray leave me out."

"You disappoint me. I don't know why, but I expected more of you."

"I'm grieved to hear you say so. I'll help you all I can; I promise you I will; but not at the price of making myself ridiculous before others. That's precisely what every Englishman does fear, coward or not."

"I comprehend," remarked Carpy, with a returning smile. "You leave that process to me! Well, let's say no more about it."

"But I wish most heartily," he protested, "to go on about it with you. I, personally, am keenly interested in the whole class of questions which seems to occupy your mind. All I beg is that you will not claim from me the impossible. Have you really come to England for absolutely nothing but politics?"

"Not quite. I'm woman enough," she went on lightly, "to wish to smooth off the asperities of my manners by looking on at the good behavior of others; and I'm girl enough to desire to amuse myself a little. To-night at Mrs. Bigbag's — you're going, I suppose — you'll see how I can dance. How many waltzes will you have?"

"You do me great honor, Miss Cornstalk. I'll take them all, with gratitude, if you'll give them to me."

"No, no, not all. I must make acquaintance with other men besides you. I can only give you two or three. Good-bye."

Sir Cerdic Gawaine strolled into the Park, and sat down alone, to meditate.

"She's more human than I fancied last night," he told himself. "She came round so abruptly just now from calling me a

coward to offering me waltzes that there must be more graciousness in her than I supposed at the first moment. With all her wildness she has very womanly sides. She talked very nicely and naturally of wishing to soften her roughness. There's a good deal in her that's thoroughly feminine, and, with good teaching, she might be developed into a delightful type. By Jove! what lovely feet and hands she has! and how deliciously she uses them! She's confoundingly stimulating, particularly now that I'm beginning to believe that she's a real woman, and not a mere politician in petticoats. As a study she's remarkable, quite remarkable. I wonder whether she could be cured of that habit of speaking out? It's not in its place in England. She's very, very interesting."

At Mrs. Bigbag's ball Miss Cornstalk made her first appearance before London. Everybody who's supposed to be worth mentioning was there. For a quarter of an hour no one took the slightest notice of her. Suddenly a rumor, put dexterously into circulation by Lady Petunia, spread about — it fizzed like a rocket-fuse, as rumors do — that the little girl in white had a heap of thousands a year. Then up came the introductions.

"Let them believe, I implore you, that you'll marry every one of them," whispered Lady Petunia, with intense entreaty.

Carpy laughed, and walked off to a Lancers with young Lord Ennerdale, who had been the first to catch her.

"Very — er — hot," he observed.

"I know that," she answered, twisting her eyebrows as she looked up at him. "Can't you tell me something I don't know?"

The boy had never been spoken to in that way before, and felt abashed. Then he grew vexed that a little renowned girl should dare to address a very smart young man like him in such disrespectful language. So he said to her, "Well — er — you know, I can't know, all of myself — er — what a girl knows or doesn't know — er — don't you know?"

"I assure you I'm totally convinced you don't know, don't you know," she echoed, laughing exceedingly behind her fan.

This made him still more indignant, so he muttered, rather fiercely, "If you'd like me not to talk — er — I'll hold my tongue."

She looked up at him again (he was very tall), distorted her eyebrows out of all

shape, and said, with resolute gravity, "What's your opinion as to the position held by English society before the nation?"

Lord Ennerdale felt inclined to run away.

"She's mad! That's it!" he thought. "I wish this beastly Lancers was over."

But the girl had no intention of quarrelling with him; she wanted to be friends with everybody, even with smart young men, on the chance of being able to learn something from them. So she added, "No; let's leave society alone, and talk about horses."

This appeased him a little; but he remained rancorous, and only stuttered out, "Well, you know—er—horses—that's to say—er—there's a deal to be said about horses, if—er—you only know what to say, and—er—how to say it."

"Exactly so. I most heartily agree with you. That's a most sensible observation. Let me judge what you have to say about them, and how you say it."

He stared at her, feeling more and more angry, and distinctly frightened.

"Well, go on," she insisted. "I'm listening."

"No; I give up," was the hopeless reply. "You floor me. Do you always talk to fellows in this way?"

"Well, frankly, this is the first time, for the good reason that I never spoke to what you call a 'fellow' before."

"She *is* mad," he repeated uncomfortably to himself.

After a silence, during which she bit her lips ferociously to keep herself from choking with laughter, she looked up once more at her partner, and said, unflinchingly gently, "Now, do let us talk about horses. I broke seven colts last year."

"What?" he gasped. "You? You, yourself? You did? Really?"

"Yes," she affirmed, nodding her head solemnly. "I myself. I did. Really."

"Then you can ride a bit? Any—er—hands?"

"I made their mouths," was the tranquil reply; and she held up her tiny fingers to show him the instrument that had done it.

"Well done you!" exclaimed the boy, getting interested.

He added, within himself, "If that's not a lie, she can't be mad, after all. Broke seven colts! No, can't be mad. Yet, what did she mean about society and the nation? That sounded very insane."

"Going on?" he asked, after these reflections. "I'd like uncommonly—er—

to know what sort they were, and what—er—bits you did it with. No time here, don't you know."

"Going on?" she repeated. "Eh? I don't understand. I'm going on dancing, if that's what you mean."

"No, not that. Going on—er—don't you know. To another place. I'm going to Mrs. Highheap's. You might tell me there."

"I'm not going to Mrs. Highheap's," she replied. "If we're to talk, it must be here. As I said just now, I'm listening."

But the dance was over, and before Lord Ennerdale, who was a slow thinker, could prepare an answer, she was away on the arm of Sir Cerdic Gawaine, who had been standing behind, waiting for his turn.

"My education is progressing," she broke out gaily to him. "I've had a smart young man. If England were populated by that sort only," she went on, becoming suddenly serious, "I'd give up bothering about Imperial Federation, and join the set who want to go at once for separation."

"Don't be hard on him," urged Gawaine; "he'll grow out of it."

"Are there many of him?"

"Several of the young ones."

"Poor England!" she sighed, shaking her head.

She thought for an instant, and then turned again, asking, "And you? Have you learnt anything?"

"Nothing."

"That's just what I expected," she replied. But she writhed her eyebrows, to show that she was disappointed.

"I've been asking at dinner," he went on; "but people don't understand. I told you they wouldn't."

"Why don't they understand?" she cried impatiently. "It's important enough, God knows, for them to condescend to think about it. Frivolous example from the top will have its effect on the bottom; they'll find that out some day. I tell you there are responsibilities that—There's a waltz!" she exclaimed, interrupting herself, as the first notes of the music sounded through the rooms.

"Come; come quick!"

She did waltz well, so well that people stood in groups to watch her, saying, "That's the awfully rich Australian girl. How she does go!"

Her shoulders and her head thrown slightly back, her lips parted with excitement, intense girlish joy upon her face, she swung past in a whirl of vaporous

lightness; while her little white feet skimmed so hoveringly over the floor that, bird-like, they seemed to merely peck at it, and to have no need to rest on it.

"It's the same glow as in the saddle," she cried exultingly, as they stopped to breathe. "If it were not for waltzing and riding over fences, I should like to be a member of the government. But I can't give them up, and it wouldn't be solemn for a member of the government to dance and gallop as frantically as I do."

"Perhaps not," answered Gawaine, making an unsuccessful effort not to smile. "Yet, really, you've a way of doing things that might excuse —"

"Oh, never mind my way. It *is* so good to dance and ride! and yet — and yet, alas! — my instincts in that direction will prevent me from taking office — I mean they would if I were a man. I'm not reverend enough."

They both laughed; and, as they laughed, he looked into her eyes and felt himself tremble slightly.

For an hour they danced and talked, until Lady Petunia, who, for some time, had been watching feverishly for an opportunity, whispered to Carpy, as she passed through a doorway on Gawaine's arm. "For heaven's sake, do leave him. If you go on like this, with him alone, the mothers of all the others will think they've no chance, and won't invite you to their parties. I beseech you, in justice to me, to think of the work I have to do. Why make difficulties for me like this?"

"That may be true," said the girl to herself, stopping short. "Perhaps it's not quite honest of me. Anyhow, it would be fairer to her to try some other man."

She turned suddenly to Sir Cerdic, saying, "I'm very sorry, but that's enough. I'd much rather go on with you; but I mustn't. You go away now. Come to tea to-morrow."

Next day Miss Cornstalk had to lunch Lady Dungeness, Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock, and a Mrs. Chatterley, whom she had met at Mrs. Olympus's dinner. She wanted to hear what women, without men, would say to each other.

The first half-hour passed, however, without their saying anything at all, at least what Carpy understood by "saying." They talked abundantly of persons, but never made an allusion to things; and it was about things, not persons, that she desired to hear their views.

At last Mrs. Chatterley declared, "After all, my dear Petunia, there are only two motives for knowing people: one is that

we like them — which is rare; the other, that we can get something out of them — which is frequent."

"I see," observed the Australian girl, "just as a donkey eats thistles, sometimes because they please him, sometimes because they feed him."

"I don't mind your assimilating us to donkeys," exclaimed Lady Petunia; "but pray don't compare society to thistles. I live by it."

"We all live by it," insisted Mrs. Chatterley, "for the good reason that none of us could live without it."

"Excepting those who want nothing of what it has to give," urged Miss Cornstalk.

"Are you one of those?" asked Lady Dungeness.

"I am."

"Then why have you come over here to run after it?"

"To see what it's like, and what can be learnt from it; just as I should go up in a balloon, if I had the opportunity, — to look about and measure."

"But what do you wish to measure?" inquired Mrs. Chatterley, whose notions of that process were limited to what happened during her conferences with her dressmaker.

"I wish to measure the fitness of England to retain the loyalty of Australia."

The three women gazed stupefiedly at Miss Cornstalk.

"But wouldn't you learn that better at Aldershot, or Portsmouth, or places of that sort?" suggested Lady Dungeness, after a silence. "It's a question of guns and ships, isn't it?"

"No; it's a question of heads and hearts," answered Miss Cornstalk very gravely.

"Dear me! what can heads and hearts have to do with it?" wondered Mrs. Chatterley. "I thought they were only required in novels."

"In your eyes, I suppose they've no more to do with it than guns and ships have to do with dinner-parties."

"Well — pretty nearly the same."

"You don't seem to know much, any of you, about the relations between England and her colonies."

"Why on earth should we know? They concern the government."

"Then you are satisfied, like the Romans, with 'bread and games,' and leave the rest to Jupiter. Is that it?" she asked, looking as she spoke at Lady Petunia.

"Upon my word, my dear young lady," was the reply, "you must allow me to re-

mind you that it's not in my contract to supply you with political information. I don't keep the article in stock. And if I did, I should charge for it as an extra."

Miss Cornstalk laughed, and exclaimed, "It seems to be an extra to everybody here. Nobody keeps it in stock—any more than you do. The puzzle to me is, how any of you can live without it. I couldn't."

"But then you are a superior being," argued Mrs. Chatterley. "We people who go about diverting ourselves are inferior persons."

"And are content to be so?"

"We should be terribly sorry to be anything else," declared Mrs. Chatterley, with conviction.

"Now you're coming to the point," cried Carpy. "At last you're telling me something I want to know. Go on, please—do go on!" she cried earnestly.

"Oh, I can't. I only say things of that sort when I am taken unawares. Directly I discover that I've let out anything remarkable, I stop short."

"Well, at all events, you can add whether many people think as you do about the merit of inferiority."

"Everybody, Miss Cornstalk; everybody. At least I don't know anybody who doesn't. We are proud of our frivolity, you know, and think that people who are not frivolous are bores."

"Like me!" was Miss Cornstalk's bantering answer.

At five o'clock Gawaine came. Carpy repeated to him the substance of the conversation after lunch, and asked him, with her habitual eagerness, how far it could be taken as indicating a general condition of thought.

He tried to laugh off the question, maintaining that she took everything too seriously, and that she must not listen to every silly woman and every empty man as if they were oracles specially employed by the gods of Britain to unfold eternal truths to travellers from Australia. He assured her that neither a Pythia nor an Ammon is to be found in the drawing-rooms of London, and urged her to content herself with surface pleasures, and to seek for nothing under them.

"Which means," she answered, "that I must look elsewhere for real England."

"Not quite," he argued. "Our society is, in its way, as really and as truly English as our cricket-fields, our country-folk, our hedgerows, our village blacksmiths, and our meadows of buttercups. But

though it is, as I tell you, purely English in its details, it is, in its objects and its feelings, just the same as the societies of all other lands. It wants to be ornamental, not useful—to laugh, not to think. Take it as it is, and indeed as it ought to be and must be—for if it were not what it is, it would not be what is called society—and do not get angry with it because it cannot give you what it has not got, and what, in fact, you have no right to expect to find in it. It is real England, as you call it; but it is not the England that has made England great."

They chatted for a couple of hours. She seemed to him to be almost pretty sometimes, in her rushes of earnestness. He found himself looking at her, more than once, with a certain admiration. He followed, with keen interest, her excited stories of her life "round home," and wondered how so slight and delicate a body could support long hours of hard galloping through the bush, how those little hands could hold unbroken three-year-olds, and how, with such an absorbing outdoor life, she could find time to read so much.

At night they met again; again they danced and talked; again he listened; again he looked into her eyes, and found them deep.

When he woke next morning he had a think; the issue of which was that he took his head in his hands, and muttered incoherently, "I'm hit! Positively I'm hit! I needn't be ashamed of it, though; for a girl like her would make a hole in most fellows. She's like no one else I've seen. She has an aspiring nature, and a very feminine nature too, notwithstanding her strange life, and her strange talk, and her strange ambitions. I wonder whether she cares a little about me? She's taken up with me astonishingly. I'm not sure though, yet, that she'd make the right sort of wife. Her ways are not a bit English. I mustn't make a mistake, if I can help it. Still, she's so tempting that I shall get awfully fond of her. I see that coming. I wish she wasn't so rich; people will say it's for that. I'm in for it this time, I suspect. But I must hold myself, if I can, till I'm quite certain."

Three weeks passed by. Miss Cornstalk and Sir Cerdic Gawaine met every afternoon and every night. He became more and more "hit." She showed, unchangeably, the same eager frankness, the same vivacity, the same longing for knowledge, and she became manifestly gentler and less aggressive. But there wasn't in

her one single sign of any special feeling for him.

One day, to his astonishment, he found her out of spirits. His amazement was great, for it had not occurred to him as possible that a nature like hers could ever be sad.

"I'm getting tired of it," she told him, in reply to his questioning gaze. "I shall go on, because it isn't in me to give up—unless something particular comes to pass. But I'm half sorry that I came."

"Why? What has happened?" he exclaimed anxiously.

"Nothing has happened. Only I have discovered that this society life is too small for me. There's no fresh air and no action in it. My elbows have worked through it already. It has no more to do with the true breathing of England than the foam on the shore with the might of the sea."

"You ask too much from it."

"Too much? I cannot ask too much. The highest duty of every society," she exclaimed vehemently, "is—whatever you may say—to represent and typify the nation to which it belongs; to hold up to view its qualities, its capacities, its forces. This one exhibits nothing but your vanities."

"I have told you before," urged the other, trying to turn the conversation into a less rugged road, "that the object of all the societies of to-day is, simply, to be ornamental and to provide amusement."

"Amusement!" she repeated. "Amusement is excusable as an occasional aim for individuals; but inexcusable as a general object for a whole class—especially when that class is the first and the most in view. There's no self-respect in unceasing amusement. It won't supply me with the evidence I want."

She looked at him for an instant, and then went on, murmuring dreamily, with an appearance of dejection utterly unlike her habitually bright, wilful manner. "In the distance, out there, before me, I see perpetually all sorts of hopes and visions, and stretch out my hands to try to grasp them. Thus far they've always faded at my touch—like this one that I've run after here—and I've mourned over their unreality. That's made me wonder whether I really feel all I think I do, or whether I'm an impostor. And then again, sometimes, I fancy the impostor is not me, but life itself. Which is it?"

At this question Gawaine felt suddenly hot and upset. He pushed his hair back,

twisted his hands into each other, shut his eyes for an instant, and finally glanced nervously at Mrs. Chertsey (who was knitting in the next room), to make sure that she was out of hearing. After all these movements he turned earnestly to Miss Cornstalk, as if he were going to say something important.

But the something important lost itself in his throat, and what he really did get out was not important at all. He only stuttered, "Oh, not you. You couldn't be an impostor, even if you tried."

Thereupon he looked extremely ashamed of the observation he had made.

Miss Cornstalk turned her grey eyes full upon him, and inquired softly, "Was that what you really meant to say?"

He colored and looked down.

She shook her head, and remarked with a sigh, "Well, it doesn't matter what you said or meant to say. Nothing matters. I've fits of this sort."

Then they sat still, in silence.

"Perhaps it's your opinion," she said at last, "that it's not a woman's function to occupy herself about the position and the future of her country?"

"Indeed I hold no such opinion," he protested, making a struggle to talk of something else than his own thoughts. "On the contrary, I'm thoroughly convinced that women can do almost as much as men to overcome the social difficulties of our time. Only, unfortunately, there's a prejudice in the air against their doing it."

She looked at him, repeating despondingly, "Prejudice! prejudice! I've suspected since I came here, and I incline more and more to believe, that prejudice is the natural dominating impulse of every English man and woman. I'm ignorant of its influence over other races, but here it seems to be almost the master of the land. Do you know that nothing is so chilling as to be convinced that you're judged by prejudice, not by reason? That's what I do feel here, and that is, partly, why I'm sad to-day."

"Let me say to you that you jump to unjust conclusions. And are you quite certain that you yourself are not, to some degree, under the guidance of prejudice?"

She hesitated; her eyes glistened as if tears had come into them; for some moments she remained motionless. Then with an effort, she murmured, "It may be so. What right have I to think that I am stronger or more free than others? I have tried to be so, but—I have failed."

After all," she went on, lifting her wet eyes to his, and trying feebly to smile, "I'm only a girl—though I forget it sometimes, and want to act as a man—and you must forgive me for breaking down occasionally, and for being, when I break down, as weak as a girl."

This beat him. He cast another glance, more nervous even than the first one, at Mrs. Chertsey, still knitting, still silent, still stupid.

"I meant to say just now," he stammered out in a low voice, turning pale, "that you have made me feel a great deal for you, and that—that—that it would give me great joy if I could think that you too—"

"Oh, what a pity!" broke in the girl, springing to her feet, clasping her hands, and gazing at him with consternation. "Surely, my poor friend, you've not been foolish enough to fall in love with me! I never meant that! Pray tell me you've not done that! Oh, it would indeed make me sad if you have done that!"

"Why should I not do that?" he asked frightenedly.

"Why not? Because — No, no. Do tell me you're not fond of me—more than as a friend, I mean. I like you far too much for that. I do indeed."

"Miss Cornstalk —"

"Call me Carpy. Do say Carpy to me. It will sound kinder."

"Carpy," he went on very gravely, "I ask you to be my wife."

She dropped her head, muttering, "Poor fellow!" Then she sat down, thought for an instant, rose again, fixed her gaze full on him, and said, very rapidly, "I didn't suspect this. I didn't mean to lead you to this. Forgive me if I cause you pain. I cannot be your wife."

In deep agitation, he asked her, "Is your love given?"

"No, no, indeed. It's not that. The reason is that—that—well, frankly, I don't love you. I have never felt capable of loving, either any one else, or you. My nature has no love in it."

"You? You, no love?" he gasped out. "You're full of it."

She shook her head.

"Where does it all go to?" he exclaimed in pain.

"What I'm full of isn't love," she said. "It's nothing but the duty and the service that I owe to everybody round home. You can't call that love. It's not a woman's love for man. It has always seemed to me that I can never love a man—one man."

"Then, Carpy, for *me* you feel no love?"

"Poor Cerdic!" she answered, taking his hand, "not a bit. But I do like you very much. You've been the star of my English life—my Southern Cross up here. Only—I don't love you."

He sighed heavily.

She put herself before him, threw back her head and went on insistently, "This won't do. We mustn't behave like this—especially you. We'll be great friends—very, very great friends; but don't talk to me any more of love and marriage. If you do, I'll leave off seeing you. I didn't come here for that, and it isn't in me."

He lifted his hands to his head, and said nothing.

After looking at him for an instant she went on again, almost with a return of her habitual vivacity, "I tell you this won't do. We're not going to have a single combat, with many killed and wounded on both sides. We'll just go on as we were before, and forget all about this."

He shook himself together, got up, and said very quietly, "I think I'd better go away. I might say foolish things."

"Poor Cerdic!"

And he went away.

That night at Mrs. Highheap's she looked for him, but did not see him.

Lord Ennerdale, who had ceased to be afraid of her, and had become one of her habitual followers, asked her to dance. She refused, but said, "I'll walk about with you, if you like."

"You see," he told her, "I've been thinking—er—don't you know, and I wish you'd come down to us, to my mother—er—I mean. I want to mount you and to see you go. She'll ask you."

"Very good of her," replied the girl, screwing her eyebrows sideways as she looked at him; "but I can't."

"Well, now, that's hard. When a fellow—"

"Where's Sir Cerdic Gawaine?" she interrupted.

"Cerdic? Where's Cerdic? Why, don't you know, as he's always where you are, he ought to be here."

The tall boy smiled at the brilliancy of his argument, and looked round the room for Cerdic.

"So they call him Cerdic," thought Miss Cornstalk. "That's odd—Cerdic and Carpy! Poor Cerdic! It is indeed a pity I can't love him. I wish he was here."

She ceased to talk, and strolled on musically.

"I don't think he's here at all," said the boy at last, after gazing in every direction

over people's heads. "But, really, won't you come to us? I — I mean my mother, would be so glad."

"Don't worry me," she answered rather petulantly. "I want to sit down and be quiet. I'll tell you when to talk to me again."

She did not tell him for ten minutes, during which she remained in silence, torturing her eyebrows, biting her lips, and watching the door of the room.

Suddenly she broke out, "I've just made up my mind to start home by the next steamer."

"What? Now? Here? Made up your mind here?"

"Yes, here."

"But, those things you came about? Those things you tried to make me understand, you know, but I didn't; about society — and Australia — and the people, don't you know?"

"I've given up those things," she answered sadly.

"Oh, not you! You're not one to give up. That's not it."

"I don't mean that I give up for good; only that I give up here — because I've something else to think about. Now, take me to Mrs. Chertsey," she exclaimed, jumping up. "I'm going."

"But," insisted the boy, who had fallen half in love with her, "I'm so awfully sorry. You know — if you go away — don't you see — I shall be — well — rather beaten, don't you know?"

She looked up at him and tried to laugh. But she couldn't. Her thoughts were full of somebody else, who also was "rather beaten," and for whom she felt an immense compassion.

Next morning she sent to ask if she could have a cabin on a steamer that was to start on the following Friday.

As soon as she obtained an affirmative answer, she despatched a note to Sir Cerdic Gawaine. It said: "Come in directly after lunch. I have taken my passage to Brisbane by Friday's boat, and want to talk to you."

She informed Mrs. Chertsey (who accepted the communication meekly) that she was very grateful for her chaperonage, but had no further need of it. She forwarded a cheque, with many warm thanks, to Lady Petunia Fitz-Hollyhock. She told her maid to begin to pack. Then she sat down to think.

She was interrupted, at the end of half an hour, by the tempestuous entrance of Lady Petunia, who rushed up to her, crying out, "Carpy! Carpy! you're not go-

ing? No; say you're not going! You've been my greatest success. It will disgrace me if you go. Besides, I've grown very fond of you."

"I'll give you a certificate," muttered the girl gloomily.

"But — what is it? What's the motive of this abrupt decision? Yesterday you had no idea of it, for, though you were out of spirits, you accepted all the invitations I brought."

Miss Cornstalk looked at her, and said slowly, "There's a Latin proverb which tells us 'Times change, and we change with them.'"

Lady Petunia turned, perplexed, to Mrs. Chertsey, exclaiming, "What do you know about this, Lodora?"

Her cousin replied, as if she were bitterly afflicted, "Nothing."

"Who's been here?" demanded Lady Petunia.

"Well, yesterday there was no one — only cards. Except, of course, Gawaine; he comes every day."

Miss Cornstalk started at the name; her eyebrows mounted into her hair; her little foot leaped out and hurriedly tapped the floor.

Lady Petunia saw the movement — and understood. She leaned over the girl, kissed her forehead, and whispered to her, almost with affection, "I dare say you're right, Carpy. I'll come in to-morrow. If you want me sooner, send for me."

When Gawaine walked in, he said, with determined calm, "It's kind of you to go. I thank you for sparing me the pain of seeing you."

She looked at him strangely, with an expression he had never seen in her, and answered, "That's the language I expected from you. If you had entreated me to stop, my respect for you would have been lessened."

"And the object of your visit here?" he inquired, forcing himself to talk of indifferent things. "You have not discovered what you came to look for."

"That concerns my heart and my head. No one knows at home that I had that object. I am responsible to myself alone." After an instant of silence she added, "I have thought it over, and my head absolves my heart."

He could not help replying, "Your heart? Then — then, you own you have a heart?"

"I told you yesterday that I had not — at least of the kind you imply," was her rejoinder. "I told you yesterday all I had to say — yesterday."

He screwed his hands together, echoed "All!" and remained sadly silent.

A great emotion passed over her. She made a tremendous effort to control herself.

"I said, all—yesterday. Do you hear? It was all—*yesterday*; but it is not all to-day. It is because there is more to-day that I have asked you to come, so that you may know."

He started violently, and fixed his eyes upon her in the deepest agitation. But he did not dare to try to understand.

"It is not very easy to get out," she went on, hesitating and growing rather breathless. "What I have to tell you is that—since last night—I'm less sure. I doubt about myself, about my life, my past—my heart. If you had been there last night, where I expected you, I might not have found it out—at least not so soon. But your absence showed me what I did not know. It was while I looked for you that I—I—began to doubt, and to imagine that—perhaps—perhaps—"

She ceased speaking. Her eyes closed, her head drooped, her hands fell open, her cheeks grew rather pale.

Gawaine rose slowly. He stood before her, holding out his arms, unconsciously, as if imploring her to go on. The intensest anxiousness was on his face.

"Perhaps?—perhaps?"—he gasped out in a strangled voice.

"No, no," she murmured. "I cannot say it—because I am not sure. It would be so awful to be wrong. I tell you it's only a doubt. But, when the doubt came into me, I saw its immense gravity, and decided, instantly, to go home."

"Say what the doubt is," he cried, with outbursting joy, venturing at last to comprehend and believe. "Or, if you will not, let me say it for you!"

"I forbid you," she called out insistently, "to speak one word. The doubt is mine—mine alone. Leave it to me. It is my right to tell it to you—when I can. I claim it for myself. But I will say it only when the time has come. Are you not contented, Cerdic, that I say to-day there *is* a doubt?"

"And—meanwhile?" asked Gawaine, shaking with excitement.

"Meanwhile, trust me," was her appealing answer.

"And now," he stuttered, "will you go?"

"Yes, I will go. Instead of measuring England, I have to measure myself. For that I must be alone."

"Will the measurement last so long

that you cannot complete it here, before you start?"

"I will not risk mistake. What I feel is so new that it frightens me. It seems to me that the old Carpy is no longer in me, and that—"

Again she stopped, adding abruptly, "What the doubt is—you know; at all events, you can guess. But I cannot bring myself to name it—yet."

He took her hand, but did not attempt to answer. She went on half seriously, half timidly, "I told you yesterday that I have wondered sometimes whether I am an impostor. I see I am, and I feel ashamed. I am beginning to believe that I have deceived myself throughout my life. Do you persist in asking an impostor to be your wife?"

"Carpy—say you love me," was all he could get out.

"I tell you again and again," she cried, springing back, "that I will not say it until the doubt has vanished, until I am certain it is true."

She added demurely, "Perhaps I shall be able to say it in a few months."

"You really mean to start on Friday?"

"I do."

"May I come with you?"

"To influence my measurements? No, no, if you please. Besides, I leave you a duty to discharge here. I bequeath to you what you once called my 'mission.' Stop here to work at it, and if I call for you, bring out to me the results."

"You are putting me into a remarkable position," remarked Gawaine, laughing in spite of his excitement. "You are to go 'measuring yourself' across the sea; I am to stop here to study the worth of England from the point of view of an Australian girl; and, while this goes on, I am to remain ignorant whether you will be my wife or not."

"That is it—for the present."

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Then I shall cease to doubt," she answered him, with mock defiance, "shall revert to my original conviction that I am incapable of love, and shall have the pride of feeling that, after all, I am not an impostor."

"I will obey."

"I think you'd better. Come in to dine to-night."

For three days she held on steadily, and would say nothing else or more. But, at the last moment, she broke down.

On board the steamer, after wishing good-bye to Lady Petunia and Mrs. Chertsey, who had come to see her off, she took

Sir Cerdic Gawaine alone into her cabin and said to him, "The doubt is ended. Thank God that I can say so before we part. I know at last that I love you with all the ardor of an awakened heart. Come out to us next month. Come to your wife, your home, and your duties. The joy of my life will be in your keeping. You will find in Queensland a wider, higher career than you have ever dreamed of following in England, and, some day, you shall be the minister that your wife would like to be, but cannot be. Cerdic, I tell you, with pride and with delight, that I love at last, and that I love *you*. Farewell for a few weeks, and then —"

Sir Cerdic Gawaine returned to town with a gladdened heart.

From The Nineteenth Century.

FRENCH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ART IN ENGLAND.

SOME analogy has been discovered by French and even by some English historians between the present position of England and that once occupied by Carthage. The blood of the Latin race flows in the veins of the Gaul, and it is therefore only a legitimate conceit on his part to pretend to the inheritance of the great qualities of the Roman; while in likening the traditional rival of France to the Carthaginian, whom the Roman vanquished and annihilated, he pays a tribute to his own national pride. Though disclaiming even the shadowiest pretension to the title of historian, I would venture to contend that in many of its stages the history of Great Britain bears a closer resemblance to that of Rome than to that of Carthage; and that the character of the Briton presents more aspects of likeness to that of the Roman than to that of the Carthaginian. It is not necessary, even if it were possible, for me to enter into a minute controversy on the analogy between the colonial empire of Great Britain and the colonial expansion of Carthage, or the relative claims of the modern Briton or Frenchman to the racial supremacy of the Roman. The Briton may share with the Carthaginian his aptitude for trade and colonization and prefer the certain gains of peace to the uncertain gains of war, but he also possesses the Roman's capacity for rule and organization, together with his stubborn endurance, his discipline, and coolness under arms. The history of Republican Rome and of England consistently dis-

close the same dominating desire for liberty. But to all matters relating to art, in the national production of art, in the adoption of foreign art, and in the collection of works of art, it seems to me that the analogy between the Roman and the Briton is as marked as in all these respects also is that between the Frenchman and the Athenian.

A complete history of art would be almost a history of the civilized world, and in this very brief sketch it is only proposed to touch on some few historical points in order to show the resemblance between the Roman and the Briton in artistic matters, but especially to trace the origin and growth of the mania for French eighteenth-century art in England — a mania which may be compared to that which prevailed in Rome for the arts of Greece. But however late the English taste for art may have been developed, it would be impossible to find a parallel, even in the rudest age of her history, for the case of the Roman Mummius, who sacked Corinth about a century and a half before the present era, and who, when loading his galleys with the pictures and statuary of Corinth, warned his soldiers that if any of them were injured they would be compelled to replace them. The Roman was a born soldier, a statesman, a ruler of men — but not a born artist. While the policy of the Republic demanded that every citizen should become a legionary, while its armies were employed in extending the possessions of Rome, and while the government of those newly acquired possessions needed to be remodelled for the greater benefit of the city on the Seven Hills, Roman orators were not wanting to expound its law and uphold its liberties, nor Roman poets to chant its victories or humor its populace; but society was too austere, if not too uncouth, as it was certainly too much pre-occupied, to cultivate the graces of art. During the last century of the Republic, when the supremacy of Rome was fully established, a wealthy and refined society grew up, which found in art one of its chief resources. But the six centuries of warfare, and strenuous and absorbing political work, that had produced the greatest warriors and statesmen of the world, had left an indelible mark on the temper of the race; and to satisfy its new longing, Roman society was compelled to import foreign artists and foreign art. Then knights, senators, and pro-consuls became collectors, committing follies, and even crimes, for the acquisition of ancient works of

Greek art, which might be quoted as precedents for, if not in extenuation of, the excesses of the collectors of the present day.

During the four or five centuries following the fall of the Roman Empire there could be no question of art. Europe was in a state of chaos. The works of antiquity which the barbarians had spared were destroyed by the early Christian communities, who regarded with horror as idolatrous the plastic presentations of pagan deities. In the Middle Ages art gradually revived. The same zeal which had levelled to the ground the temples of the gods erected churches and monuments in honor of religion, and was bent to the work of fashioning, rudely and grotesquely at first, but soon with much skill and feeling, tapestries and plate for religious uses. Of the empires that were formed in antiquity, the Byzantine alone remained. There art survived, and from thence it was imported into western Europe. Byzantine churches arose in the West, adorned with mosaics which — such as the church of San Marco in Venice, San Vitale at Ravenna, and the Palatine Chapel at Palermo — have excited the admiration of all succeeding times.

But it may be doubted if the Crusaders, or their immediate descendants, patronized art for its own sake. Their consuming aim was that their faith should prevail, and to them art was merely an accessory to the beautification of their worship. Territorial ambition was the paramount object of European sovereigns, and they probably had more regard to the intrinsic than the artistic value of the contents of their plate closets; while the clergy extended their patronage to art because it aided in glorifying their calling, in addition to exalting their religion.

In the fourteenth century Gothic art was at its zenith, and the collector in the modern sense of the word first appeared on the scene in France. By the Treaty of Bretigny in 1360, France had to cede the Poitou to England. The Poitou was the fief of King Jean le Bon's third son Jean, who received the Berry in exchange. The Valois branch of the house of Capet had recently succeeded to the throne, and most of the Valois had a taste for building, and a passion for art. When, after the death of Jean le Bon, Charles le Sage was building the Louvre, the Bastille, and the Pont Neuf, his brother Jean, Duke of Berry, was raising in his domains numerous churches of elaborate design, and castles which he filled with tapestries, plate, jew-

els, and books. He earned the name of the "Magnificent," though not at the hands of his subjects, whom he taxed and oppressed to such an extent that he left his province in a state of absolute destitution and misery. The Magnificent Duke, after sixty years of this paternal government, died a pauper, and his collections were dispersed. Some of his books — the manuscripts of Froissart's "Chronicles" amongst them — have remained in France; and a portion of his valuables were brought over to England — what can have been their fate? The great vassals of the French kings were conspicuous for their self-seeking ambition, their rapacity, and their cruelty, and in these respects none surpassed Duke Jean. He merits our special notice from the fact that his life illustrates the artistic leanings of the French race. It may seem to us well-nigh inconceivable that a prince, whose father had been taken into captivity in a foreign land, who himself had gone as a hostage on his father's conditional release, who in his early days had been at Poitiers and in his later days at Agincourt, who during the sixty lamentable years that intervened between these two disasters had seen his country in the hands of its enemies, that this prince so circumstanced could have found it possible to sacrifice every personal and public duty for the pursuit of art. And it is equally inconceivable that in that wild and inhuman age, one so fatal to the French people, the mental repose was possible in which many intelligent and patriotic men could have been schooled and trained and could have found the inclination to concentrate their minds on the peaceful accomplishments of art.

The fifteenth century saw a great change. Then the frontiers of the leading European states had become more or less clearly defined, and the growth of autonomy among the different nationalities enabled each to assert its idiosyncrasies and its genius. Though constantly at war with each other, continental rulers had no longer to fight for their religion and their existence. Learning was not now confined to monasteries, and universities promoted knowledge throughout Europe. Trade and commerce expanded when the restrictions and risks hitherto attending them had been removed, and increased prosperity, together with a new sense of security, created new wants, among them that desire for a more luxurious mode of life which is at once the most potent patron of art and the strongest incentive to art collectors. The conditions of life were

altered; the great no longer passed their time in camps or in fortified castles; better houses were built, society began to assume shape; domestic life commenced to be cultivated, and the necessity arose for a large number of new articles for domestic use or ornament, giving a wider scope for that artistic talent, which had hitherto been expended in devotional purposes.

Italy, though torn by internal feuds and harassed by invasions, was the pioneer of modern civilization. Owing to her geographical position, she was able, first of all European races, to extend her connections abroad, and to assert her national genius. Her ancient traditions, and the discovery in her soul of the remnant of the treasures of the greatest civilization of antiquity, assisted in reviving the artistic tendencies of her people. Italian taste in literature and art, as well as Italian principles of trade and finance, radiated over Europe. The noble and the wealthy classes of other European countries vied with each other in their efforts to implant Italian culture, in all its aspects, in their own dominions; and in the pursuit of that object their patronage of Italian art and artists was generous and untiring. The artistic revival was in the bud in central Europe when the Italian Renaissance caused it to expand. It grew with great rapidity. The Valois and the Hapsburg were not to be outdone by the Este and the Medici in the patronage of art. Native artists rose, as if by magic, at their command. Perilous journeys were no longer needed to cultivate indigenous talent by a study of Italian or classical models. The enthusiasm for art became universal. As in the Greece of Pericles, on the continent of Europe, during the Renaissance, every man, unquestionably every educated man, if not actually an artist, took an interest in art, and every man of means became a collector of artistic objects. During the dark ages faith had been a great civilizing influence. It had taught high purposes — chivalry and purity of life. The faith that had made a Hildebrand, a St. Louis, and a St. Francis had formed the man of letters and inspired the artist. In every form the fine arts were the direct offspring of faith. But when popes and princes became powerful and prosperous, they turned their thoughts from spiritual to temporal ambitions, and faith decayed. Art had however crept from its cradle; it had learned to walk alone, and in its turn became the motive power of a more advanced civilization. But when, in the course of

the sixteenth century, the Continent was devastated by foreign and civil wars, princes and nobles found more serious occupations, and had to devote their time and means to less pleasurable objects than the pursuit of art. In Italy, which suffered most and suffered irretrievably, art declined first and most rapidly. In Germany, where native art appeared quite a century later than in Italy, it retained its influence longest; possibly because the greater stolidity and endurance of its people enabled them to withstand the political storms with more effect. Thus the Emperor Rodolph the Second, though beset with troubles, remained an ardent art patron and collector until his death in 1612; and in the seventeenth century the Germans were still chiselling elaborate tankards and cups. But Germany was not a homogeneous country. It was composed of a multitude of principalities all striving for autonomy. It was divided by the ambitious schemes of its princes, and by the religious dissensions that sprang up between them and the emperor. Germany, moreover, was scourged by the Thirty Years' War, was weakened by exposure to Mahometan aggression, and its resources were either wasted or unexplored. Later on its centre of gravity became displaced from Austria to Prussia, when that new Germany began to rise in the north which absorbed the strength of the old. The emperor became a mere figurehead, and the people, under the dominion of a hundred and fifty princelings, sank into a torpor from which they were only freed by the stress of the Napoleonic invasions. Spain in the Middle Ages, in common with the rest of Europe, erected Gothic cathedrals; and when, in the sixteenth century, it had been welded into a homogeneous whole by the union of Ferdinand and Isabella, and had gained wealth and importance from its discovery of the New World and from the revenues of its Flemish and Italian dominions, Spain shared in the artistic revival. But Philip the Second crippled his country too seriously to permit of any prolonged existence of native or patronage of foreign art. The most capable of his subjects had carried their energies across the ocean. Soon after the expulsion of the Moor and the Jew, the power of Spain rapidly declined and its art sank, with Murillo, into the grave. Whenceforward the Spaniard evinced a far greater delight in seeing a heretic burnt at the stake, or a bull butchered in the ring, than in scrutinizing, praising, or purchasing a statue or a jewelled vase. Thus

by the middle of the seventeenth century art had decayed in Germany; it had expired in Italy and Spain. The reverse occurred in France.

The history of France, from its earliest days to the Revolution, is virtually a history of the lives of the French kings. The founder of the house of Capet was a Frenchman; the strict observance of the Salic Law kept the throne in the hands of his male descendants; and only during the brief period of Henri Quatre's Protestantism, when a Catholic pretender appeared on the scene, was France a prey to dynastic struggles such as convulsed England during the Middle Ages. The application of the Salic Law enormously strengthened the personal influence of the king, as no dispute could arise as to his supreme position or to disturb the national allegiance. The king was "La France," as Madame Dubarry, with unwitting wisdom, called Louis the Fifteenth. By his marriage with Anne of Brittany, Louis the Twelfth had absorbed Brittany; by his marriage with Marie Leczinsca, Louis the Fifteenth absorbed Lorraine; and the whole process of national independence, development, and assimilation was effected in France by the direct action of the king. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the French kings, even in the distant past, they knew how to maintain an identity of interest between themselves and their subjects. Turbulent and unruly as the French have been, they never directed their turbulence or unruliness against the throne until the end of the eighteenth century, when its prestige had been irremediably ruined, and when a new order of things rendered the continuance of feudalism impossible. Even during the hundred years war with England, the religious wars of the sixteenth century, and the civil skirmishes of the seventeenth, that feudal system which in England had received its first blow at Runnymede was exploited by the kings of France, so as to make the whole nation regard them as the only umpires between the nobility and the lower orders. The nobility, on the one hand, needed the assistance of the king in upholding those ancient privileges which enabled them to keep the people in subjection, while, on the other, the people also needed the assistance of the king in resisting the oppression of the nobility. The natural resources of France, which made her people independent of foreign enterprise, were inexhaustible, their recuperative powers unique, their love of pomp and glitter intense, and

their gift of good taste perennial. The special attributes of every race are fostered by circumstances. The French, like the ancient Greeks, have a natural aptitude for art, and like the Greek who disliked Aristides because he was tired of hearing him called the "Just," the Frenchman loves incessant change. By reason of that aptitude for art and that love of change, the French have been able to produce artistic work in ever-varying forms, and the production of that work was for centuries favored by the maintenance of the feudal system. The king and his vassals were desirous of enhancing the attractiveness and splendor of their courts, and the nobility were actuated by the wish to emulate the extravagance and magnificence of the king. Both showered favors on hosts of retainers and artists, whom it was their interest as well as their inclination to employ, and the artists were impelled to their utmost efforts to win the favor of a caste from which honor, fame, and advancement could alone be obtained. Until the dawn of the Revolution, the wealth which the king and his courtiers so easily acquired was lavished on pageantry and art. Architects, sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, and even upholsterers were trained to the highest pitch of excellence and refinement to minister to their boundless extravagance, an extravagance which always found artistic expression. And so it was that the French never slackened in their production of native and their patronage of ancient foreign art. To sum up, whilst on the Continent art on the whole had decayed, it flourished in France in the eighteenth century more profusely than during any other epoch of her history.

Now, to turn to England. Of the countries of modern Europe, England was the last to attain national emancipation and unity of race. The Celt, the Angle, the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman had to be fused into one nation, that fusion was only perfectly accomplished, and the English people only attained their distinctive type of organization, centuries after France had completed a similar process. Most of the laws and the institutions of England had been brought over by the Conqueror, and a long period elapsed before the new spirit harmonized with the old. The kings of England were French; the clergy and nobility were French; and in the eyes of the earlier Plantagenets, their kingdom of England was apparently of less moment than their foreign possessions. It required the slow but inevitable process of

natural evolution to mould the Anglo-Saxon nationality; and a King John to liberate the Anglo-Saxon crown and institutions from French domination, to pave the way for the transformation of the clergy and nobility into Englishmen, with English interests, English habits, customs, and language, instead of French; and to unite, by a common bond of interest, the upper and middle classes in England. But the Angevin kings and the Norman barons, though they had become or because they had become English, were not the less proud and ambitious, and the people of England instinctively felt with them that if they were to prosper, their country must be reckoned as great amongst the great countries of the earth. So they fought for that greatness and they won it. But the people of England also understood very clearly from the earliest times that liberty was the best safeguard of prosperity; so they fought for their liberty, and that, too, they won. But when, after the death of the last Plantagenet king, England had won comparative greatness and comparative liberty, there was no space at home for the expansion of its energies, no available material for the efforts of its working men, no prospect of advancement, of glory, or of wealth. An autocrat might have provided for them, as the French kings did for their people, by foreign conquest, the resources in which their country was deficient. But wars necessitate fresh taxes, and the English people have never submitted very cheerfully to exceptional taxation unless it was warranted by exceptional circumstances. The Tudors were too politic to coerce their Parliaments, and too closely in touch with the national sentiment to strain the loyalty of their subjects, so the English people were forced to rely on their own efforts at home and abroad. Thus at the end of the fifteenth century that spirit of private enterprise arose which has made England what it is.

In the Tudors, England possessed sovereigns who understood the character of the people. The Frobishers and the Drakes, and the many adventurous explorers and traders who laid the foundations of England's colonies and commerce, were aided by an equally sturdy class, who at home worked for constitutional liberty, but for whose efforts the achievements of the former might have been fruitless. Had it not been for them England might have decayed like Spain, have become disintegrated like Germany, or been turned into a hotbed of revolution like France.

The causes of that lack by England of the artistic genius possessed by continental countries may, in part, at least, be the same as those which have brought about the greatness of the English nation. It has been said that English climatic conditions are to be held responsible for this want of artistic taste, and it has been contended that the Briton is debarred from sources of artistic inspiration which are the birthright of sunnier climes. The phrase may be fine, and the reason it conveys plausible, but is it correct? Unquestionably the English climate favors, if it does not necessitate, energetic bodily exercise, and the development of muscle may not be favorable to the development of brain power. Yet no continental country has excelled England in any branch of literature or in any direction of intellectual effort. The climate of Flanders is not sunnier than that of England, and yet Flanders produced an original school of painters, unrivalled in quality and fertility, while the sunny clime of Portugal has never produced an artist of note. Why, again, should every Athenian in sunny Greece have been an artist, while his neighbor the Spartan was insensible to art? Or why, in sunny Italy, should the Neapolitan and Sicilian have been destitute of the artistic genius which animated their northern fellow-countrymen? No; to other causes must the tardy growth of artistic taste in England, as in Rome, be ascribed—possibly to racial causes, the origin of which science may some day determine, and to the conditions under which England was compelled to work out her destiny.

There is seldom room in one mind for the co-existence of two powerful emotions or impulses. While the flower of the British race was engaged in a desperate struggle for existence at home and abroad, it was scarcely to be expected that they could turn their thoughts to the relatively useless embellishment of their homes. As with the Roman, so with the Anglo-Saxon, centuries of rough life and privations had engendered rough habits; a long continuity of stern purpose had prevented the development of those gentler and more refined habits which are eminently favorable, if not absolutely essential, to the growth of a national art. Still, as a rule, the demand creates the supply, and at the court of the Tudors there was a great demand for art and for artists; but foreigners had to fill the place of English portrait-painters. Music, too, was one of the chief amusements with the upper classes of the

day; but no English composer's name has been handed down to us. Ecclesiastical art, it is true, flourished in England during the Middle Ages, as vigorously as on the Continent; and the Gothic cathedrals of England built during that epoch can hold their own with those of France, Germany, and Spain. But the Plantagenets and Henry the Seventh had to bring foreign artists and art to England, sculpture and mosaics from Italy, and enamels from France, for the decoration of Westminster Abbey. When Henry the Eighth came to the throne, England had grown into an important kingdom. The young and chivalrous monarch, surrounded by a chivalrous and partly new and obsequious nobility, found a well-filled exchequer, a contented and — for the needs of the crown — a sufficiently prosperous realm. He was fond of show, of fine jewels, clothes, armor, and plate — in fact, of every form of luxury then known. Henry the Eighth, too, whatever may have been his faults, was a man of culture. Besides his contributions to political and theological literature, he wrote verses, and he sang and played on the instruments of the day with some proficiency. He may not have been as capable a judge of art as his fellow-monarch on the French throne; but he patronized artists, and, as can be seen from the catalogue which is still extant, the contents of his palaces must have been a wonder to behold. Cardinal Wolsey brought together at York House, Esher, and Hampton Court an accumulation of tapestries, paintings, plate surpassing that of the king himself. But this tapestry, sculpture, jewelry, furniture, and these paintings were not fashioned by English hands. They were collected abroad, or produced in England by foreign artists. There was much wealth in England during the reign of Henry the Eighth, especially after the fall of Wolsey, when large fortunes were acquired with facility out of the spoils of the monasteries; but the bulk of the national wealth had been amassed by commerce and private enterprise and the laborious work of the middle classes, who were unwilling to squander their hard-earned fortunes in what appeared to them a wanton and frivolous manner. When compared to the Continent the life and customs in England in the sixteenth century were crude and coarse. The position of some persons demanded that they should build large houses; and whether cultured or otherwise, these magnates appreciated the solid value of fine plate. For that reason, the

art of the architect and the goldsmith have always been successfully cultivated in England; but the demand for the many artistic luxuries of life was limited to the small circle of the court, who obtained a ready and copious supply from abroad. England was not yet ripe for a national art, and the few artists there were could hardly compete with the legion of skilled workers on the Continent. In this way the country gradually became accustomed to draw on the Continent for its supply of artists, and as a natural consequence English collectors were induced to accumulate works of continental art.

These conditions still subsisted in England during the reign of Charles the First. Foreign artists were patronized, and the best productions of the best epochs of foreign art were imported by the king and his friends. But the puritanical spirit that manifested itself during his reign affected a great body of the public. The Puritan looked with horror on all the frivolities of life, and detested the meretricious fascinations of art. The collections of Charles the First were sold, and some of the finest pictures in the Louvre bear witness to this day to his taste and munificence. Later on, though puritanical feeling became modified, it was to a large extent perpetuated in Methodism and the many other dissenting sects, whose teachings still furnish, among a large portion of the people, an obstacle to the cultivation of the fine arts. The Restoration was too short-lived to effect much, while the stormy struggles that ensued under James the Second destroyed that social repose which is imperative to the growth of art. It was not until the reign of William the Third and that of Queen Anne, when these struggles were decisively terminated, that English society became as polished as that of any continental country, and the national genius put forth its happiest efforts. A torrent of literary activity then burst forth, and the educated classes, like those of the Rome of Augustus, began to excel in their love for and patronage of every grace of life. But as in the Rome of Augustus, native talent for art remained comparatively dormant.

During the Hanoverian kings, native art first asserted itself in England, and during the second part of the eighteenth century that portrait school was founded which, though it may have been surpassed in technical excellence, is unrivalled in charm. Still the ordinary Briton, like the ordinary Roman, was little amenable to the fascinations of art, and the refined

class could only find the material to gratify their taste on the Continent, so they commenced the formation of collections of continental art, many of which exist to this day. The smaller portion only of these, however, was French. In all countries contemporary art, pictorial excepted, is less sought after than that of a past age. Familiarity does not always breed contempt, but it breeds indifference, and art not only needs the test and mellowness of time, but may suffer from the caprices of fashion. French patrons in the eighteenth century were far too prodigal to be influenced by these considerations, though English ones may have been more prudent. Other reasons also may be alleged for the then comparatively limited importation of French contemporary art. In the first place, it can hardly be gainsaid, that of all forms of art the pictorial has always been the most prized in England. This has not been, and is not altogether the case on the Continent. At all times, it is true, the pre-eminence of pictorial art has been as much recognized on the Continent as in England. There, as here, private picture-galleries have been formed for the last three hundred years; and there, long before here, picture-galleries were instituted for the benefit of the people. Here, too, as well as there, old cabinets, armor, carving, and enamels have been appreciated and sought for. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that an Englishman always purchases a picture in preference to any other object of art; that the average Frenchman's partiality is evinced towards decorative art; while the average German waxes sentimental over a curio of minute workmanship. English collections made in the eighteenth century, therefore, abounded in old pictures, and Italian pictures being the most valued, the grand tour was chiefly productive in the importation of Italian canvases. But though the main portion of these collections consisted of pictures, they also included cabinets, vases mounted in ormolu, china, and the many decorative objects made in France, which could not be altogether ignored by the collector.

Amongst the limited class of travellers, collectors, and men of refinement of his day, Horace Walpole exercised a considerable influence. It may appear paradoxical to say so, but he both retarded and accelerated the mania for collecting French eighteenth-century art. He retarded it on the one hand, as, being considered the arbiter of good taste, he set the fashion, and his taste was for Gothic

or neo-Gothic architecture, to which French decoration could not be applied, and for minute articles of the sixteenth century, which he valued chiefly for their historic interest. On the other hand, as other collectors followed his example, he promoted the collecting mania, and many of his imitators were influenced by the circumstances of the day to become collectors of French eighteenth-century art. But that art only leapt to the front in England, and assumed the position it has since held, when it was prominently forced on the notice of the artistic public by a personage of commanding influence. This occurred at the time of the French Revolution, which ended the old French *régime*, with its institutions, its customs, and its art, and opened out a new chapter in the history of France and that of the English collector. In France, for half a century at least after the Revolution, art remained well nigh in abeyance. In an heroic form it blazed forth in a graceless imitation of the antique during the first Empire, under the new roofs of the new men, and on the huge canvases of the regicide David, and of his pupils Gerard and Gros. The galleries of Europe were temporarily emptied into the Louvre; Murillos crossed the Pyrenees stuffed in the guns of Marshal Soult; Cardinal Fesch bought old pictures, Junot bought rare books, and Napoleon, who could think of all things supernaturally grand and infinitesimally small, allowed a pension to the octogenarian Greuze. But the art of the eighteenth century was dead; it had perished on the guillotine. During the Restoration France was too intent on healing her wounds, and too pre-occupied with the grave questions of the day, to be able to turn her attention to art. The traditions of former days were too deeply shaken, the minds of influential persons were concentrated too profoundly on the moulding and consolidation of the new order of things to admit, even amongst the competent and privileged few, the revival of a style and a taste that were identified with the past. When Louis Philippe stepped to the throne over the barricades of the July Revolution of 1830, the country had recovered her political balance, and her normal temper. In literature it was an age of almost classical perfection; while in art, a pleiad of painters evoked the admiration of their contemporaries. The best of their work is to be seen in the Luxembourg, but it is an open question whether it is nowadays much appreciated. Society had been reconstructed out of the

old elements and the new, and this reconstructed society contained many collectors of ancient works of art. The reign of Louis Philippe, however, on the whole, was the exception to the rule in the history of the artistic genius of France. Having been brought up at Versailles, his first care was to restore the palace of his ancestors; but the Restoration, though undertaken with the best intentions, was possibly more disastrous than beneficial. Louis Philippe had been an exile and a wanderer for twenty-five years, and he probably lost in foreign lands whatever taste he may have inherited.

In England, social conditions had remained virtually undisturbed during the French Revolution and the great war. The fall of the French monarchy brought about a general and long-continued dispersion of its valuables. Most of the great houses in and near Paris were sacked; and their furniture was either offered in the auction mart, or hawked about on the *trottoirs*, where it was picked up for a mere song by English travellers and sensation-hunters. Large quantities of these objects were also brought over to England for security, where the interest in them increased with their possession; and now that an art that had so recently been a contemporary art had, without any warning or transition, become an art of the past, it could not fail to enter into the calculations of the collector. Nevertheless, a reaction might have set in; the occasional purchaser might not have developed into the collector who collects systematically and as a rule eagerly, not with an eye to practical usefulness only, or to the gratification of a passing whim, but because of his appreciation and love for the object; and the acclimatization of French art might only have been temporary had not the prince regent come forward at this crisis, and settled its destiny in this country. He was endowed with the most exquisite taste, and availed himself of the unique opportunities of the time with a profusion that, however, was always tempered by good judgment. He never refused a fine cabinet or a first-rate piece of china, but if it was not absolutely above criticism, it was rejected, or bestowed on a favorite. He made Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace storehouses of art treasures, and trained a school of collectors who profited by his example. Personal friends were his principal agents, but he also availed himself of the services of lesser notabilities, and in his French cook he found a most intelligent purveyor.

not for his table only, but for his galleries. Thus while in France the art of the eighteenth century was neglected, in England it steadily advanced in the estimation of a discriminating public, and there appeared, soon, that best of all indications of an increased demand, the forger. The fashion which had been set by George the Fourth was further developed by the impulse it received at the hands of a new art patron. The education he had received, his very parentage, his position and relations, his resources, the dual life he at first led between London and Paris, then his long residence in Paris, a taste as accurate as George the Fourth, a judgment as infallible, qualified Lord Hertford to become the most ideal and the most gigantic collector of modern times. Hertford House speaks for itself; yet its galleries contain but a portion, though the greater and the choicer portion, of his collections. Lord Hertford, though an insatiable glutton for art, limited his purchases to the two last centuries and the present one; the works of the Renaissance period now at Hertford House having been purchased after his death by the late Sir Richard Wallace. The indefatigable perseverance and endurance, the ubiquitous presence of Lord Hertford, or of Sir Richard Wallace, in every city of Europe where a picture, or a cabinet, a piece of Sèvres, or any decorative work of a similar kind was to be obtained, can hardly be imagined. Rivalry Lord Hertford would not brook; competition he sneered at. As a matter of course he was jealous and eccentric — traits which are commonly found in the collector. For many a long year, "Le Marquis" and "Mr. Richard" — the names by which Lord Hertford and Sir Richard Wallace were laconically spoken of in Paris — attended every art sale, remaining side by side for hours on uncomfortable seats, jostled by an idle and excited crowd, and closely scanning every article.

Lord Hertford almost took a perverse pleasure in outbidding his friends at these sales. I had an opportunity of observing him at Prince Beauveau's sale in Paris in 1865, when he acquired every desirable item in the catalogue. Much interest was taken, I remember, in a small lacquer table, once the property of Marie Antoinette. It was well known that the Empress Eugénie, who cherished a romantic sentiment for her memory, and had gathered together many of her relics, had set her heart on obtaining this table. Nevertheless, Lord Hertford, though on the friendliest terms with the empress, would

not be balked of his prey, and he secured it after a long struggle. Eventually, however, I believe, he either gave or sold it to the empress — which may be regretted, as in that case it must have perished, during the Commune, with the Tuileries. Prince Beauveau's sale was followed by that of Count Pourtales. A picture by Greuze representing a young girl caressing a lamb, and called "Innocence," had excited the admiration of a well-known English art patron and collector recently deceased. He called on Lord Hertford, with whom he was intimately acquainted, frankly told him he wished to bid for the picture, and asked what sum he thought it would fetch. "Four thousand pounds," answered Lord Hertford. Pictures by Greuze were then less scarce or less valued than they are now, and the prices of the works of the best masters were much below what are given at present. There was but little competition for "Innocence," and Lord Hertford's friend, who was egged on by him during the sale to increase his bids, considered himself possessor of the picture at 2,600*l.*, when, to his surprise and dismay, Lord Hertford intervened, and raised the price at a single bid to 4,000*l.* He saw he had been trifled with and gave up a hopeless contest. It happened that on another occasion Lord Hertford was accidentally told of a Watteau — a masterpiece of that artist — the property of a gentleman in Holland. An emissary was at once despatched to secure it, but he ransacked every town and collection in that country in vain. The picture could not be traced. Years afterwards it was discovered stored away in a garret in Hertford House. The fact was, that long before his agent had gone on his bootless errand, it had been brought to and bought by Lord Hertford, who, after a careless glance, had forwarded it to London, and then forgotten all about it.

Lord Hertford's knowledge of pictures was so consummate that he needed neither private advice nor the fiat of public opinion to direct his choice; but whether from vanity, the love of excitement, or for the sport of thwarting other collectors, he seemed to prefer buying at sales rather than by private contract. He had been privately offered the matchless collection of Dutch pictures owned by the Duchesse de Berri. He declined the pictures, but as money was wanted he advanced a loan, taking them as security. Subsequently they were brought to the hammer, and Lord Hertford actually purchased some

few of the pictures for a much higher aggregate sum than that which he had been asked for the entire collection.

A final anecdote, though it does not bear directly on the subject, may not be altogether out of place. Lord Hertford kept late hours, and his valet had strict orders never to disturb him in the morning. "You may call me at eight if there is a revolution," was the injunction, "not otherwise!" On the morning of the 24th of February, 1848, Lord Hertford was called at eight. "What is up?" he muttered; "is it a revolution?" "Yes, my lord, it is," was the reply.

The last twenty years of Lord Hertford's life were almost uninterruptedly spent in Paris; but though his influence was more directly exercised on the French, it was equally felt on the English market, where his purchases, if not as numerous, were as sensational. The events of those twenty years contributed to make that influence permanent. Those two decades saw the rise, and but for one month they would have seen the fall, of the Second Empire. The policy of Napoleon the Third in knitting France and England together by ties of political and commercial alliance produced better relations and a more frequent intercourse between the two nations. Every eminent and distinguished visitor was welcomed at the Tuileries, whence he carried away an impression of a splendor that would have been crushing but for its refinement, a splendor that was all of the nineteenth century, but which in its details was impregnated with the taste and the revived spirit of the eighteenth. And during those twenty years the British Empire had undergone a stupendous development, which, while it facilitated amongst a large class the spread of culture, awoke a general desire for the more luxurious commodities of life. The press, too, conveyed daily and minute information of the life of Paris, its fashions, taste, and art, of the rapid variations in art — variations which chiefly consisted in a return to the style of the eighteenth century — of the expenditure made by foreign collectors on the art of that century. The study of the French language became common, and increased the number of persons who were in touch with French sentiment and with French art.

Meanwhile, owing to accident, their entombment in museums, their agglomeration in safe hands, French works of art of the eighteenth century were becoming rare, and the rarer they became the greater

grew the demand. And as they became scarce those of a more classical period became scarcer still. Occasionally the latter appeared—but at rare intervals—and when they happened to come within reach, they were as greedily snapped up, and as much, if not more, prized than in those days when they were abundant and collectors few. But meteors generally sail in unattainable heights, and the collector of genuine works of the Renaissance might be likened to the child who cries for the moon. He must lower his pretensions, and fain be content with an art of minor importance. But is it fair to say that the French art of the eighteenth century is only of minor importance? It is not classical, it is not heroic, but does it not combine, as no previous art did, artistic quality with practical usefulness?

But, it may be asked, should art be practical; need it be turned to any useful account? Should we not, if we choose to indulge in artistic proclivities, subordinate usefulness and comfort, and whatever our domestic requirements may be, to an ideal sense of and striving after art in its noblest form? Yes; we should if we could. But we live in a practical age when scientific improvement has affected the tenor and mode of our lives in their every detail. A return to the classical period for its decorations, furniture, tapestries, potteries, even for its paintings, is only possible to the collector—to him who may still be able to discover them—who can set them apart for a room or a gallery; but a general adoption of the art of the Renaissance, so that its feeling could pervade our everyday existence, would be out of keeping with all the essentials of modern life. French eighteenth-century art became popular and sought for, because of that adaptability which more ancient art lacks. Let the classical moralist inveigh to his heart's content against a sensuous age that produced a sensuous art; the classical purist may call it *rococo*, affected, effeminate, meretricious, trivial—what you will—and lash himself into virtuous indignation at the decayed taste that indulges in a degenerate art. Fashions will fluctuate, but French eighteenth-century art seems destined to maintain its spell on society, and tighten its grip on the affections of the collector, so long as the present social, economic, and political conditions prevail, and until some unlooked-for catastrophe revolutionizes the fate of the world, of art, and of art collectors.

FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD.

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From Belgravia.

SCENES IN ALGERIA.

ONE does not like to think of the indignities which our British consul in Algiers had to suffer less than three-quarters of a century ago. It was part of his routine to go bareheaded past the palace of the dey. He might not wear a sword in the dey's presence. And when he sought an audience, he had to take his place, with other aspirants for that questionable honor, unheralded by anything that could give him confidence in himself or his country's greatness. This, too, after the bombardment of Algiers by Lord Exmouth in 1817!

The memory of this and other incidents in Algerian history comes to one in sight of the old Kasba, or palace citadel, which looks down upon the town with so proud an air.

The Kasba still has its horseshoe windows and portals, its facings of red and green and white tiles, to remind one very forcibly of its old occupants. But the wide-breeched Zouaves who now enter and leave it, with a cheery swing of the arms and a jingle of weapons, on their part bear witness to the new order of things. So too do the barbed wire railings which fence in some weedy waste land hard by, whence there is so fair a view of the blue headlands east of the bay and the white houses of the far-extending suburbs.

It is no joke to ascend from the European quarter of the town to the heights of the Kasba. For my part I went at hazard, as I love to do in a strange place. I knew the quarter towards which I had to work, and that sufficed me. From one steep, dark street of white houses, so near together that the windows overhead almost touched each other, I climbed to another yet higher, until at length Algiers and its roofs were below me. What elegant little cobwebbed residences had I not passed on the way! Externally they were nothing. But I did not scruple to enter where I felt attracted, and then the humble place resolved itself into miniature ante-rooms and courtyards in the Moorish style, with much gay tile decoration, and an infinity of horseshoe arches and cool dark nooks, agreeable enough on a hot day.

I took coffee in the cave of an Arab who sold such refreshment to men of his own race. There was just the faintest shadow of surprise on the good man's face when I asked for a cup. He was squatting on a rush mat within arm's length of his tiny fireplace; and he made me the coffee and gave it me without a word. I squatted by him, drank, com-

mented upon the excellence of the beverage, the heat of the day, and his own delightful little hole of a shop. He received my remarks with grave bows; nothing more. And then he took my money and pocketed it without looking at it—and I was free to go my way and leave him to the peace he loved so dearly.

These men seem to me like so many conspirators. Their deportment is so very suggestive of valuable thinking. And yet, the odds are that save for the tax their religious ritual makes upon them, they are subjected to no mental trials from the beginning to the end of the year.

I was unfortunate enough to be in Algiers during the fast of Ramadan. This fact did not deter other Europeans, specially conducted, from swarming into the town mosques, past the devout Moslems who were washing themselves in the fountains of the mosque courtyards. The worshippers would have resented the invasion if they had dared. There could be no doubt about the meaning of the glances from their dark eyes when they lifted their heads from their mats. As it was, they could only groan, curse a little in secret, and lie down again to repeat their wearisome formulæ in praise or adjuration of Allah.

But if Europeans in a body were not to be gainsaid, a single European was not enough to overawe the holy men who sat as if in watch and ward over the place of worship contiguous to the tomb of a certain saint, whither chance led my steps in a remoter part of the town.

It was an engaging little graveyard on an eminence, with a small mosque in it, tombstones laid almost level with the ground, three or four bleary-eyed Arab mendicants sitting in the shade of the shrubs that grew by the graves, and two or three others lying prone and white and motionless upon the ground, more like marble figures of human beings than breathing men.

Spite of the notice on the town walls which made begging in the department of Algeria a penal offence, I was at once urged to give alms to these bleary-eyed idlers. I did so, to conciliate them; for had I not had a glimpse of the green and red silk hangings of the tomb of the marabout in a chamber to the left, with festoons of shells, blown eggs, and gilded lamps surrounding the tomb?

The beggar to whom I gave the most had no doubt I might step over the threshold—"But," he added, "of course you must unshoe."

"To be sure," said I; and, fully prepared to do all that was necessary, I stepped towards the portal, and began to unlace my boots. But it was not to be. From within I heard a voice:—

"What want you here?" and, looking, I saw an imposing guardian sitting cross-legged at one end of the chamber, and with him was another man.

"You cannot," was his reply when I proffered my petition to examine the marabout's tomb. And he proceeded, with less acerbity of tone, to tell me that if I would wait eighteen days the fast would then be at an end, and there would be no hindrance. I relaxed my boots, and left him sitting there.

If the Kasba could be made to speak, I dare say it could tell as fine tales as the old Alhambra of Granada. It has stored a good deal of money in its time. One dey carried about twelve millions sterling into it during a European siege of the town, and when, in 1830, the French at last got possession of Algiers, they found fifty million francs there.

It was a famous place, too, for executions. The dey's executioners were wonderfully neat craftsmen. In proof of this the following story is told. A certain man was sentenced to be beheaded, and, being anxious to die with as little effort as possible, he bribed the executioner to be more than usually dexterous. The official assured the culprit he should have no cause for complaint, and straightway he began swinging his sword round and round with marvellous speed. Then he dropped the point of the weapon, and seemed to be resting. At this the condemned man put on an angry expression and cried out, "You dog! You leave me in suspense because you are not sure of your nerve. I suppose you mean to cut my throat as if I were a sheep!" This said, he made as if he would spit upon the executioner. The other playfully urged him to try to spit. He did so, and his head fell at once into the bowl by which he was kneeling.

The decapitation had been so neat that not a drop of blood was spilled, nor had the severed head lost its equilibrium by a hair's breadth.

For my part, I do not believe the tale. And yet it is one of many which are reputed true in this land of story-telling.

From the Kasba I strolled along the highroad to El Biar, one of the most lovely villages in the world. To my right were the mountains, a faint purple across the broken green foreground. But what charming little bijou and other residences

nestled in the hollows of the country close by! Red and white, after the newest pattern from the office of the Parisian architect, or a dainty arrangement of blue and gold and marble, done after the manner of the Moors, with horseshoe arches, crescent domes, and little turrets. Round about the houses were profuse gardens; the perfume of them exhaled towards the road above, and the glow of their blossoms held the eye.

Among my fellow-vagabonds on the highway I found types and diversities enough to please a man with a greed for contrasts. I sat down on a bank with a fringe of umbrella-pines behind me, and a fountain bedded in the wall on the other side of the road. Three mortals were resting at the fountain: a grimy, foot-sore Arab with a pouch on his back, a Jew woman with a bandaged chin, and a negro boy in blue. The Arab washed his feet and said his prayers; the Jewess sat gazing at him; and the negro boy shouted as if from sheer gladness for the gift of life.

It was so as long as I kept to the dusty thoroughfare. Here a brace of demoniacal little lads flogging an ass as if their lives depended upon their energy, and the ass stumbling forward at each blow upon its lean, sore-tormented body! There a French maid, clean and neat as if she had but just stepped out of a Normandy farmhouse. An English tourist in a pith helmet under a green-lined umbrella, and a Chasseur d'Afrique, straight and martial from head to foot. A village mosque, sandwiched between a humble wine-shop of the style common in the Bastille quarter of Paris, and a washerwoman's with an invitation to soiled linen in the window. On one wall an election address, in which the impulsive candidate charges the party of his rival with bribing the Hebrew section of voters at six francs seventy-five a head, "reliant upon the well-known cupidity of that people." A few yards farther, and there is an Arabic inscription which seems to the unregenerate European mere rhodomontade, an endless repetition of words about the greatness of Allah and his capacity for goodness.

I had walked ten miles, and yet I was not tired. It was due to the fine air and the novelty. But at length, when I was nearly a thousand feet above the ships lying motionless in the glassy harbor, I turned down a lane pretty enough for Devonshire, and, between an avenue of vine-clad and honeysuckled hedges, again reached the town, with its dust, its tram-

cars and omnibuses, and its active little Arab boys with designs upon one's boots.

Some one had told me beforehand about the fair faces of Algiers. To the mistress of one, reputed the fairest of them all, I was indeed offered an introduction. I am half ashamed to say I rejected this offer. In the first place, a paragon of this kind seldom comes up to expectation. For her own sake and mine I resolved that she should not disillusion me. And, moreover, I fear I could not have kept to myself the fact that I had been attracted to her house simply by the fame of the fair face that illumined it. I dare say this would have been far from shocking to one so used to praise and admiration. But I forebore again out of consideration for myself rather than her. I am content to have her photograph before me while I write. Certainly she has a rare-shaped almond eye, and a wealth of dark hair. But I like not the sensuousness of the mouth. She is manifestly a Hebrew, which is neither for nor against her.

It pleased me better to pay a visit to a disestablished Moorish house of the first rank, in the heart of the town. Here was a noble courtyard, with palm-trees, and a fountain volleying its spray towards the marble balustrades and columns of the upper stories of the house. A glass dome roofed the courtyard high above. And what think you had taken the place of the sombre Moor and his household, who once monopolized these fairy balconies? A journal, with its clacking machines, its white-capped and aproned type-setters, its editorial offices, and its bales of paper lying in the corners ready to be smeared with telegraphic news and authoritative articles. I leaned on the marble balustrade of the second story, with my arm clasped about one of the twisted columns, and looked down on this strange, almost sacrilegious, scene, till the din of the machines had rooted an echo in my brain that it took me long to chase away. Doubtless they have seen various sights, these fair columns that one unconsciously caresses as if they were beloved flesh and blood; but the sights and sounds now beneath and around them are the most suggestive of all.

At sunset the harbor began to take those pearly tints which are apt to urge some of us stolid Hyperboreans out of ourselves in an ecstasy of admiration. The long cape to the east held the evening crimson for a while, and then, like the rest of the world, lapsed into the purple of early night. Then out twinkled the

lamps on the ironclads and other craft in the bay; a gun roared from the fort by the old harbor, where Lord Exmouth sent so many Algerians to the bottom of the sea; a band of music struck up from the square at the base of the hotel; the white houses of proud Mustapha (where European millionaires have their villas) glowed in the darkening air — and an Algerian night had begun.

Not that an Algerian night is such a very extraordinary freak of nature. It is much like a night elsewhere, though its stars do seem to be more lustrous than at Marseilles across the water. Yet to my mind it has strong individuality from the spectral forms of the white-robed Arabs and Kabyles whom I passed and repassed in promenade about the gardens of Bresson Square in the hour after dinner. They were such dart-like, upright fellows, and their eyes seemed to burn like fire. Perhaps it was due to the reflections of the lurid cigars which so many of them held between their teeth as they went to and fro with folded arms, while the band of the Chasseurs d'Afrique played stirring music in memory of the feats of French arms over the Moslems of Algeria.

It is quite possible that the average native Algerian of to-day would be embarrassed rather than gratified by a revolution which sent the French back to France. The occupation is now an affair of long standing, and new habits have displaced the old, inherited instincts which were bred with the Algerian Arab. For all that, there is still a good deal of the leaven of revolt latent throughout the province. There are thousands of Kabyles who sigh for the good old times. "Then," they say, "when we were free, each man was his own master (lord of his own head); the brave man feared no one; he killed his foe without pity; a man's life was reckoned of no more worth than the life of a fly."

This is the sort of spirit which lingers in the hills of Algeria, and very troublesome it is apt to become at times. There is no forgetting that the land is still held by right of conquest, though, of course, every year tightens and strengthens the hold of France upon it. The Moslem religious confraternities (or rather associations for political conspiracy) extend their arms throughout the land, from the Sahara to the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and if only the marabout or mahdi or messiah of their hope would declare himself, they would bring about one more tremendous upheaval in all the province. But they dare not stir until they can venture

to be sanguine; and, meantime, there is always consummate vigilance in the various Kasbas where French troops are lodged and exercised.

One morning at six o'clock, I left Algiers for Constantine, a distance of about two hundred and ninety miles. As I did not reach Constantine until past midnight, the journey cannot be called a triumph of speed. But then it was Africa, and in Africa one does not look for the rapidity and smoothness of travelling that are part and parcel of a high and well-established state of civilization. Besides, it was no level country through which I passed. There were long, gradual climbs, from plain to mountain plateau, more than once; and the wind from the snows of Djurdjura (upon which tempest after tempest broke while we were in sight of it) seemed to fight against our progress. And, lastly, there were between forty and fifty stations, with their various retarding influences.

It was a charming bright day at the outset, and the rich lands contiguous to the capital looked their best. The meadows were dyed with flowers — here a purple flush told of unruly thistles; there the yellow dandelions carried all before them; elsewhere crimson poppies gave a gala sheen to the landscape. The trees, too, were draped with convolvuli, white or amaranthine. And the sun shone upon all — meadows, vineyards acres in extent, and the vermilion roofs of the isolated farmhouses — from a sky clear blue to the far horizon line.

For fellow-travellers I had, at first, genial colonists from the middle departments of France, in top boots and shirt-sleeves. They were but going from one farm to another, and their talk was of beasts and the look of the vines. No men could have had a heartier appearance. The Algerian sun had given them a complexion like that of the Parthenon columns — a rich, clear, gold-bronze. And their broad shoulders and elephantine thighs told of the bodily development the climate had stimulated.

I got into conversation with one grey-beard, who, for some occult reason, leaped to the conclusion that I was a young man from the old country (*his* old country, that is) in search of a homestead. He laid down the law to me in a most fatherly way — had no doubt that if I kept off the absinthe I should do well — and for five minutes on end seemed hesitant whether or not he should offer me a job on his own

farm. However, his generosity did not run to more than advice, and he gave me "farewell" at a wayside station, with an encouraging slap on the shoulder and hospitable wishes for my prosperity. I dare say, when the old gentleman reached home and told his canny dame about his adventure, he got a sound rating for not making the most of his opportunity of securing a muscular young man from the country as cheap as a Kabyle.

Ah, those Kabyles! We were now in the midst of their country, with their mountains, black and white, away to the north, now shut up in inky storm clouds, and the next moment peeping forth through a fallow half gleam of sunlight.

Their villages, or such of them as we saw planted on the green hill slopes, were sweetly simple and unpretending. Here is a recipe for one on a small scale. Clear a ring of ground and fence the space with stout aloes. Add a hedge of prickly pear to the aloes. Then build as many huts of sticks and straw as there are families in the village, and stud the inner space with them. The huts may be conical or oblong at pleasure. To give animation to the scene, perch a dozen statuesque men in long raiment upon the largest dunghill in the village, and set the dogs barking and the women shouting. I should think a night among a thoroughly unimproved Kabyle family would be a very interesting experience. But the experimentalist would have to be imbued through and through with a hearty contempt for all kinds of vermin.

Anon, I made acquaintance with two adult Kabyles and a boy. This was near the village of Palaestro, where, in 1871, there was a hideous massacre of Europeans by the revolted natives. I had, that moment, been reading of the tortures the Kabyles inflicted upon the hapless colonists who fell into their hands, and I was in a humor to execrate the whole race. It was profoundly unreasonable, but what of that?

They were in rags, of the nature of sacking, from head to knee, and they smelt abominably. Yet one of them carried a watch under his rags, though, as he was fond of ostentatiously holding it to his ear, I judge it was a new acquisition. They puffed cigarettes with the air of desperadoes, and spat upon the shut window pane with so much horrid method that I was forced to fancy they thought it was closed against them for the purpose.

For all this they were undoubtedly picturesque, fine animals. When they huddled

themselves together for a nap, I had three sets of naked toes within an ell of my knees. The worst of it was, however, that though they made every possible preparation for sleep they did not become unconscious. Their six dark, beady eyes were concentrated upon me, their Christian travelling companion, and they screeched songs of a dismal kind towards me, till I wearied of them completely.

These men and the boy were not exactly handsome Kabyles. Others, visible at the poor little railway stations, when we were fairly in the mountains, with snow less than a hundred yards above our elevation, had a manlier look as they stood bolt upright in a line watching the procession of our carriages. This too must be said of them, that they have an inborn gift of dignity which almost compels a dim sort of regard. The French ticket-collector does not dream of treating them with the arrogance or contempt which his American equivalent offers as a tribute to the individuality of the abhorred colored man in the Great Republic. Moreover, one does not see a Kabyle in the cast-off clothes of civilization. I doubt if he would wear a hat even if the headman of his tribe bade him do so; and argument would be wasted in the endeavor to persuade him that his free naked legs would enjoy a pair of trousers.

Before the railway came to simplify life and connect Algiers with Constantine, much of the journey between the two towns must have been a hardship of no mean kind. For scores of miles the word desert might be applied to the country. Not that the sand of the Sahara is here or within a good many miles of the Algerian railway. But the rocks are of so unmanageable a quality, and the miserable streams that percolate at their bases are so obviously undrinkable, that one does not wonder at the total absence of human beings or signs of cultivation. Perhaps a single shepherd, in a brown cloak, may be seen in an area of twenty square miles. His flock too is in motion, so that there is no suggestion of pasture with it. The tearing wind that raged over these elevated barrens seemed to fight against the train. There were, in short, passages and moments which in the old days would have furnished an average traveller with material for a chapter of paralyzing descriptions of the horrors and perils of the journey.

With us, however, upon the whole all was easy. We breakfasted at one station within reach of snow, and dined at another station with a cactus hedge outside.

Towards evening we descended somewhat from the heights, and the storm clouds gave place to a lovely coral line of sky which continued for awhile even after sunset, and when one great star had begun to illumine the treeless land.

Interest in things sublunar fell flat as the hours dragged on towards midnight. But Constantine, at the witching hour, under a full moon, is startling enough to arouse a man in a trance.

A line of omnibuses outside the railway station of Constantine proclaimed the modern dignity of the famous city, which has seen so many incidents in the course of its chequered career. It was a trifle chilly, and we travellers gaped mournfully as we packed ourselves into the stuffy coaches. There was an old Englishman with a son, who looked like an undergraduate on the grand tour, and the two had a most entertaining word argument in English about their luggage and the hotel it behoved them to honor with their patronage. To tell the truth, the younger man treated his father with unnecessary contempt; but then the other had evidently travelled a good deal in his day and had become a perfect hotbed of maxims, which he threw at his son's head with a shameful ignorance of the tetchy, strong nature of the average undergraduate. I was fairly glad when the two climbed into a coach that was not mine, and rumbled off to the town, still with voluble arguments on their heated tongues.

Constantine at one o'clock in the morning is nothing, and less than nothing. However, the hotel bed was comfortable, and I slept none the worse for the expectation of the morrow that was lively within me.

When morning came, I was soon out of bed, and peeping at a scene in progress beneath my windows. Here was a little Arab market, in which respectable Moslems fell out of temper with each other over pennyworths of oil and butter. It was interesting, but the smell of the stuff assailed me with the same half sickening feeling I had felt in a Faroe house with new blubber in it.

Coffee and a newspaper ushered in the active part of the day. From the journal I judged that Constantine—indeed the whole of the east of Algeria—was much a prey to the larceny of the Arabs. This was especially so with the Hebrew part of the community. At the market of Sidi-mesrich, for example, a band of Arabs had marched through the bazaar, pillaging

the shops and persons of the Hebrews even to the very watches in their waistbands. French colonists, too, were constantly being relieved of their mules by raiders. In the States, crime of this kind is more serious than in Algeria. It is a question if the rule of the revolver and lynch-law in such cases is not really the most effective course open to the dominant members of a new country.

Breakfast over, I went forth to see this wonderful city on a rock hedged with precipices, and found it nearly as startling as my fancy had made it appear.

It is a square-headed rock, covered completely by the houses of the city, and the river Rummel flows at its base upon three of its sides, tumbling down a fine waterfall to the north of the rock on its way towards the sea. From the edge of the city precipices, if you let yourself go, you would fall plump from five to eight hundred feet ere you reached the water below. That is, unless you chose to drop in one of the places where the river is bridged with natural arches. But even here you would not come off scatheless.

With such a site, no wonder Constantine has a long record of human habitation. It is surely one of the most masterly positions conceivable. You enter the city, for example, by a bridge about five hundred feet above the river, which could, of course, be cut in case of need, so as to make the place unassailable except with artillery from the adjacent hills. Herein, however, consists its weakness. These hills dominate the city. From their summits (and they are but a few minutes' climb from the city rock) you look upon the white roofs and the brown and red tiles of Constantine as if you were in a balloon.

A stroll along the edge of the abyss which binds Constantine so appallingly gives one some very agreeable thrills. In places the width of the ravine is not more than a score of feet. Upon the other side are the dwellings of the Moslems of Constantine, with storks squatting on their chimney stacks and ravens wheeling to and fro, with their grey beaks turned towards the back yards of the houses, in quest of desirable garbage. Below, in the chasms, are hawks and swallows and other birds; and the rock sides are stained with the sewage of the city, the nasty aspect of which many a flower in an inaccessible nook can by no means countervail.

Then, by a steep and dizzy track, still hugging the precipice, I descended to the

very bottom of the ravine, where was a little bridge spanning the river. The Constantine washerwomen and washermen were busy flogging clothes in the stream, and beyond were reedy banks and an enthusiastic Arab boy or two angling for polluted fish in the polluted water.

From the waterside I climbed to the suburb outside the rock on the only quarter of Constantine whence it could be entered in avoidance of the river and the precipice. Here was a vivacious rattle of tongues and clatter of blacksmiths' hammers. In the yard of a native inn, nine camels, two donkeys, and three horses were huddled together in the straw in no very comfortable style. The contrast of beasts was odd. The camels were not of a quality the Messrs. Wombwell would care to admit to their select show of quadrupeds. They were small, overworked, evidently much castigated and out of health. One was of a pale cream color. But I could not help laughing at the ludicrous air of their churning jaws close to the sensitive noses of the asses, who perforce moved their heads now and then as if the breath of these ships of the desert was none too sweet. The pale-colored camel had a trick of scratching its head against the wall, which may, for aught I know, indicate it a wise or rare species of its kind.

In my hotel I had seen a printed notice about the arrangement of caravan trips from Constantine to somewhere. I imagine such caravans would be of a quasi-European kind, more for the solace of the ambitious tourist than for legitimate trade purposes. If these unfortunate camels in the inn-yard were part of the properties of the purveyor of caravans, I, for my part, should as soon think of going to a meet in Leicestershire upon a horse devoted to the knacker as going a caravan jaunt from Constantine.

I think I was most impressed by the sublimity of this city's situation, when I stood at the foot of the rock upon the upper edge of which, the citadel or Kasba of Constantine is built. It was a wall — nothing less — red and grey, between five and six hundred feet high. The river fumed along by my side, and then plunged a hundred feet down towards a bosky glen with a mill in it. The pray (of a very pestilential quality) damped my face as I gazed upwards and thought of the appearance this wall must have represented in 1837, when, to escape the French, who were pressing the siege, numbers of reck-

less Arabs tried to let themselves down here by ropes — which were by no means long enough. I could hardly have conjured up a ghastlier picture. The Rummel ran with a cumber of corpses that day.

What merry fellows are these Zouaves, of whom it is so difficult to think in disassociation from France's African colony! Several companies of them were, like myself, prowling about the river course, laughing and splashing one another, and daring each other to cross it from stone to stone. This, however, was no very formidable feat, for I did it myself, and then wandered around the other cliff base until I found the refraction of the sun too much for my British constitution. There are some fine clumps of prickly pear in this adventurous region of Constantine, and I caught a Zouave carving the word *Marie* upon one of the misshapen leaves of one of the trees. Later, I read a dozen other names — *Thérèse*, *Adelaide*, *Louise*, etc., etc. The honest fellows might have spent their vacation hours to less profit than in thus recalling the charmers to whom they had consecrated themselves in the old country. I hope, however, that I am right in my surmise that *Marie*, *Louise* and company were their true and only loves, to whom they were duly and eternally plighted.

By the way, I was struck with a little incident at dinner in my hotel. It was the hotel at which the officers of the Zouaves and other regiments barracked in the Kasba had their mess-table. I suppose there were about five-and-twenty of them — fine fellows all. They came in with a jingle of swords and an appetizing rubbing of hands, and hardly had they seated themselves than the soup followed them.

Something else followed the soup. This was the young wife of the hotel-keeper — a beautiful creature, dressed with the quiet perfection of the mistress of a famous salon, and with the manners of an accomplished woman of the world. She had a little powder on her face, but she was not a whit less charming for that. It was a lesson in tact to see her go from guest to guest (as much strangers to her as you and I, dear reader, are to each other) and say a few pleasant words. How I wished my old Englishman and his son of the railway station had been here! And yet her ease of manner would, I dare say, have worked wonders even with them.

From the guests proper she went to the officers, and ran the gauntlet of a volley of smiling compliments. What think you then? She seized the head of the handsomest of the subalterns — a curly-headed Norman, from his face, and kissed him soundly first on one cheek and then on the other. The youth said "Merci," and continued his soup — the others laughed. And madame, the hotel-keeper's wife, went on her way scattering courtesies as if she had done nothing out of the common. I suppose her husband allows her to amuse her guests in this way, and truly it was an entertainment with little of positive harm in it.

On the afternoon of my second day in Constantine, I was fortunate in being present at a wedding in the cathedral church. The church was a mosque at one time, but it bears its adaptation wonderfully well. Nothing could have looked better than its delicate little windows and the finely chiselled details of the Moslem architects. But the colored glass had a Christian character, and no one would have been likely to take the brilliant assemblage of officers and citizens, and their wives and daughters in full toilette, for people upon whose lips the wearisome phrase "Allah il Allah" was familiar.

I would say more about Constantine if I had space to spare for it. There is such a variety of costumes in the city streets that one is always on the lookout for something fresh. The Jews outdo the rest of the world in this particular. For half an hour I was content to linger by a certain terrace, above a thickly peopled street in their quarter, fairly revelling in the colors of their attire and their general picturesqueness. They seemed (and especially the children) to be clad in all the hues of the rainbow, and a good many others besides, and the little Jew damsels tinkled with jewellery even while returning from school, with their leather satchels of books upon their shoulders. Of their mothers I think as I saw them sitting at their windows, also resplendent, with their shapely heads resting upon the bare, shapely arms which supported their cheeks. I suppose it is a custom for them thus to sit before the eyes of the world, like the Venetian "fair but frail," some hundreds of years ago. If so, it is a custom for which the visitor must needs be grateful. I contrasted the effect with that of a troop of French boarding-school young ladies, all in black, out for a walk in the pine forest behind the railway sta-

tion. It was like setting the Middle Ages cheek by jowl with the sober, and in some respects a trifle dull, nineteenth century. But I dare say the little damsels in black, each with a precise parasol in her hand, were not so dull at heart as they looked. Though they prattled with sweet simplicity to "Chère Mademoiselle," the teacher in charge of them, and asked for information about the rocks and trees and grasses as assiduously as the best-behaved little boys and girls in the old-time story books, there was that in their eyes as they looked towards a troop of youths in claret-colored uniform from the Constantine public school, which proclaimed them human, feminine, and French, spite of all.

The scenery next day along the line to Bone was for several hours tame and depressing. One wearied of the spacious undulations, with great reaches of thin grain in the hollows of the land, here and there a lonely house or a shepherd with his sheep, and the hot blue sky with the rounded hills outlined against it.

This part of Algeria has no very enticing history to commend it to the traveller. Colonists have been brought hither by the village-full by speculative land companies, and the little square cemeteries on the hillsides have soon had a population in excess of the settlement founded so hopefully. They are not very pretty, these forlorn outposts of civilization, and one leaves a measure of pity with the inhabitants, and also with the blithe-spoken station-master, his blue-gowned wife and little children, who all look forth with such an air of eagerness when the train comes in sight.

Towards Hammam Meskoutine, however, a change came over the land. It rose up wooded and green as an English glen, and the river in the ravine ran faster and whiter than before. So we come to the wonderful place where for an acre or two the surface soil is hot as if a furnace were beneath it, and where the steam of the boiling springs hangs thick in the valley. Many an invalid comes here to be parboiled into health. But in summer one might as well go to Aden for comfort as come hither for pleasure.

I tarried an hour or two in Meskoutine to behold the still waterfall. It is a mass of calcareous deposit, over which the waste from the hot springs above continues to percolate, thereby thickening the deposit day after day. An Arab was crouched here, cooking a fowl in the water. A boy from the hotel was also boiling eggs.

It must be extremely useful to have a natural kitchen-range of such a magnitude, ever in a condition to provide dinner for a household.

I saw also a Jewess take her bath in a little bathing-house close by. She was swathed in wrappers and must have perspired considerably. It is to be hoped she was the better for the ordeal.

From Hammam to Bone the country gradually grows more and more opulent and homely. Never have I seen such vineyards as those in the neighborhood of Bone. They were miles in area. The laborers in them were dwarfed to pygmies in the distance. It is one of the most precious parts of the colony, and could, one would suppose, provide wine enough for all France, if the homeland ever fell short in its own produce.

No wonder the quays of the town of Bone are littered with merchandise to such a degree that the captains of the boats bound for Marseilles with Algerian cargo lose their tempers ere they can get quit of the port. It is an ambitious place, fiendishly hot even in May, full of Israelites, and with shops in which you may buy anything — from the *Petit Journal* of the day before yesterday to a panther skin, comparatively fresh flayed.

But Bone is most famous for its association with St. Augustine, who lived and died at Hippo, a little hillock a couple of miles inland, now capped with a house of mercy and a great white church, new and prim. It is not an easy walk to Hippo, though Bone is so near. I was half-choked with the odious dust of the highway, and broiled by the sun, ere I set foot in the precincts consecrated to the great church father. And after all there is little here but the association. Even the saint's body is somewhere else.

As the steamer leaves Bone harbor, Hippo seems more and more clearly to insulate itself. The mountains to the west soon become a mere outline in the vast vineyards, the purple lands east and south-east sink below the horizon. Bone disappears behind a headland, and only the white church of Hippo is left distinctly in sight.

"Fine spot for a lighthouse," remarks an American fellow-traveller. "A gigantic effigy of the saint, for example, in bronze, on the hilltop, holding an electric lantern in his hand, — Eh?"

It seems improbable, however, that French notions of art and propriety would coincide with such an idea.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

From The National Review.

ELIZABETH STUART AND HER FAMILY IN HOLLAND.

AMONG the historical associations that a visit to the Hague brings to the mind of the traveller who carries with him some remembrance of the past to enhance his interest in the present, those connected with Elizabeth Stuart and her family will not readily occur. Yet the greater part of the life of the unfortunate daughter of King James I. was spent in Holland. She and her children were very prominent figures in the society of the day; and their names appear frequently in the memoirs and chronicles of the time, in which (to use the words of Macaulay in a slightly different connection) "the character and spirit of an age are exhibited in miniature." Dutch historians have gleaned interesting facts respecting the exiled family from these sources and from State papers in the royal archives. The following pages contain such as appear to bring out most vividly the extraordinary character of its members.

Elizabeth first became acquainted with Holland on her journey to Heidelberg in 1613 as the beautiful young bride of the elector palatine, Frederick. She was received with public honors befitting her personal rank and her near relationship to the stadtholder Maurice, whose sister Juliana was the elector's mother. The States-General and the States of Holland sent deputations to pay her homage. Her uncle devoted himself to her amusement. "Distinguished strangers" from other countries came purposely to see her, and a troop of comedians was sent for from Paris to play in her presence. The principal towns vied with each other in doing her honor and in offering her handsome presents. At Amsterdam a splendid State coach was in readiness for her, as she stepped from her barge on a bridge covered with cloth, and the whole municipality was present to bid her welcome. The procession moved slowly through the gaily decorated streets, which were thronged with people. Two triumphal arches of vast proportions had been erected. On one a pantomime was enacted. The other held a group of people dressed in antique costumes, among whom was a figure intended to personate the princess as Thetis, the mother of Achilles. An inscription in verse addressed her as the English Thetis, and expressed the wish that she might be the mother of a modern Achilles. Elizabeth was the sole object of these ovations; for her husband, after concluding a treaty

with the States, had hastened his journey to the Palatinate.

Very different from this gay progress was Elizabeth's next arrival in Holland, in 1621, as the fugitive queen of Bohemia after the flight from Prague in the previous autumn. She and her husband, however, had been received cordially by Prince Maurice, the States, and the nation at large. In the eyes of the majority the cause of Frederick was identical with that of Protestantism. At first few would believe the fatal tidings of his defeat. An Amsterdam preacher actually said that "the report of the taking of Prague was a falsehood spread by Papists, Armenians, and other enemies of religion." Such was the public spirit of those stirring times that a mere skipper lay a wager on his raft that Prague had not fallen into the enemies' hands. When the news was confirmed beyond any possibility of doubt, there was great and general consternation, for "it had been firmly believed that the rise of Frederick would be the fall of Antichrist."

The States decided to "accommodate the king and queen of Bohemia" with a suitable dwelling. Two houses were hired for them in the Voorhout, a fine, broad street, shaded by lime-trees.

On the 23rd of April the king was received with great ceremony by the States-General. To quote a chronicle of the times: He gave "a singularly touching account of all his adventures and misfortunes." The States "answered with compliments, and comforted him in his adversity." They promised him a monthly advance of one thousand florins, besides a grant of one hundred and fifty thousand florins in support of the small army with which Ernest of Mansfelt was opposing the imperial forces under Spinola.

Public opinion was not quite unanimous with respect to the royal refugees and the sums they drew from the national exchequer. Abusive pamphlets appeared. One writer said that "there were enough foreigners in the country; they did not need royal beggars." Another exclaimed, "It doth cry for vengeance that all hungry, naked, and miserable persons should be fed, clothed, and taken care of in Holland!" The elector was not without defenders. A friendly writer compares his presence amongst the Hollanders with that of the "Ark among the Philistines" — a comparison which could scarcely have pleased the people of Holland. The clergy generally sided with him. They

likened him, very inappropriately, with Joshua and Gideon, and offered up prayers for him at public worship.

In 1622 Frederick joined the Protestant forces in Germany; but after his defeat at Höchst in 1623 he was persuaded by King James to lay down arms. He went to his uncle, the Duc de Bouillon, at Sedan, and thence wrote to his wife: "Où irai-je? La Haye ne me plaît pas du tout et que Dieu me garde de sa mauvaise canaille."

From these ungracious words we gather that more had reached Frederick's ears and eyes than the complimentary speeches and polite bows of their High Mightinesses. To eat the bread of dependence in a foreign country and daily accept favors from a republic must have been particularly galling to the spirit of a German prince of imperial descent, accustomed to look down on the world from the proud eminence of the Castle of Heidelberg. However, no course other than to return to the Netherlands was open to him.

On October 9th of the same year a student, followed by two servants, one of whom carried his master's sober luggage, might have been seen hurrying through the Hague to the queen of Bohemia's house. That student was the "winter king" in disguise. From this time until 1632 he appears to have left Holland only for a brief visit to England with his wife in 1625, on the accession of Charles I. All attempts to recover his lands were confined to diplomatic negotiations, which were long, costly, and fruitless.

The exile of the king and queen must not be painted in too dark colors. They were deeply attached to each other. Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador to the Hague, writes of Elizabeth in 1622 as "a tender wife, whose care of her husband doth augment with his misfortunes."* Also, Elizabeth had one of those buoyant natures which rise with comparative ease above the waves of misfortune. She writes to one of her faithful correspondents, Sir Thomas Roe: "Though I have cause enough to be sad, yett I am still of my wilde humour, to be as merrie as I can in spite of fortune." Indeed, both king and queen refused to let either their private misfortunes or the state of their unhappy country debar them from the amusements to which they considered their age and rank entitled them.

The Hague was at that time a brilliant little capital, thronged with distinguished diplomats and gay soldiers from most

* Cabala; Mysteries of State.

European countries. The fame of Maurice of Nassau as a general attracted young men from France, Germany, England, Scotland, Sweden, and Denmark, to his camp. Military operations being suspended in winter, the Hague was then filled with these soldiers. It may be imagined how numerous they were, and what color and animation their presence gave to the picturesque town, when as many as two or three hundred Frenchmen of gentle birth followed the ambassador's coach as a guard of honor, on his way in state to an audience of the States-General.

Then, as now, fashion ruled in society. The Voorhout was to the Hague world what Rotten Row is to that of London; and people were in the habit of making the daily *tour des carrosses*, or *tour à la mode*, after their midday dinner. The exiled royalties might often be seen among them, doubtless to the delight of the people who thronged the broad walk shaded by lime-trees that forms the middle of the Voorhout. The parallel with modern times happily ceases where we read of bitter conflicts arising from the vexed question of precedence in the manner of driving. The diplomatic mind, keenly sensitive to questions of etiquette, was frequently ruffled by the action of a rival's coachman. Once even the statesmanship of John de Wit was needed to prevent a fight between the followers of the French ambassador and those of the Spanish ambassador. Elizabeth may have been a witness of this serio-comic incident, which ended in the removal of a wooden barrier, this measure enabling each to drive away at the same moment.

In winter there was the same round of gaieties that used to enliven the court at Heidelberg. The queen was specially fond of the masques which were so much in vogue in England. The king and queen generally spent their summers in a country-house which they had built on some land given them by the Provincial States of Utrecht, near the small town of Rhenen, in a finely wooded and undulating country. They were both passionately fond of riding and hunting. There is a quaint allusion to this in a verse in which the poet naïvely expresses his surprise that Frederick, after having frequently been the object of pursuit, should be capable of becoming a pursuer. The concluding lines are these:—

He thus doth ever see a picture of his flight,
And (what can sport not do?) finds pleasure
in the sight!

Meanwhile their home life was far from uneventful. Eight children were added to the five that were born in Germany and Bohemia. On each occasion the parents showed great anxiety to secure sponsors who would be likely to give substantial presents. Often one of the provinces acted in the capacity of sponsor. Thus, the second daughter was named Louisa Hollandina, and received a fixed annuity from the wealthy States of Holland. When a younger child received a very paltry sum from the States of Overijssel, the queen wrote to a friend: "Pour Parrains la Hollande va encore, mais pour les petits états, ça ne vaut rien!"

Two of the children died in infancy. In 1629 the eldest son, a lad of fifteen, lost his life in a tragic manner. The so-called "Silver fleet" had been captured from the Spaniards; and part of the immense spoil, including many beautiful silver and golden vessels, was exhibited at Amsterdam. The king and his son went to see it. The weather was stormy, and their barge was upset by collision with another vessel. Young Frederick and three attendant gentlemen were drowned. His father was heartbroken, and is said to have repeated David's pathetic cry over Absalom: "My son, my son, would God I had died for thee!"

Hope dawned on the exiled family when Gustavus Adolphus brought an army into the field against Tilly and Wallenstein in 1630. Frederick joined him the subsequent year. He left the Hague on the 26th of January. Crowds assembled to see him off and wish him Godspeed "amid tears and sobs," people being apparently more easily moved than in our own day. It proved to be his last farewell to Holland. After a short campaign, he died of fever on the 19th of November. It is said that his end was hastened by the news that Gustavus Adolphus had been killed at the battle of Lützen.

Elizabeth was overwhelmed with grief at her husband's loss and the destruction of her newly revived hopes. She was a widow at thirty-six, with ten children, of whom the eldest was only fifteen. She did not, however, take her maternal duties much to heart—a fact of which her daughter Sophia's memoirs afford ample proof.

The children had a separate establishment at Leyden. They had a tutor and three governesses, and were attended, besides, by gentlemen-in-waiting and maids of honor. Their life was an ingenious combination of conventual rule with courtly

etiquette. Almost every act was accompanied by tedious formalities. Before sitting down to dinner, at 11 A.M., each child had to make nine bows or curtsies. It was the habit to invite two clergymen or university professors on Sundays and Wednesdays. The dancing-master, who came daily at 10 A.M., was always welcome, Sophia says; not so the other masters, she candidly admits. Twice a year the children were taken by barge to see their mother at the Hague; but they evidently bored her, and she was glad to get rid of them, and to be left to the undisturbed enjoyment of her dogs and apes. Even the delicate state of the little Gustavus's health does not seem to have moved the mother to greater tenderness. He died in 1641, after a lingering illness. Sophia, the only one remaining at Leyden, was removed to the Hague.

The children of Frederick and Elizabeth were more like their high-spirited mother than like their gentle father. They were handsome, clever, and remarkably self-willed. They appear to have been all more or less gifted with the fascination and brilliancy characteristic of the Stuarts.

The eldest son, Charles Louis, had more solidity of character than his brothers; but he was cold and calculating, ruled by motives of expediency, wanting in chivalry and generosity. He and his mother were never on good terms. Rupert, the hero of the Civil War in England, was her favorite, and appears to have been the most dutiful of her children. The three youngest sons, Maurice, Edward, and Philip, were remarkable only for getting into scrapes, of which more will be said by and by.

We seem to know the daughters better, chiefly through the memoirs of Sophia, who is quite as communicative about family matters as any autobiographical author in this age of publicity. Elizabeth, the eldest, was a very remarkable woman, and enjoyed a European reputation for learning, which she owed chiefly to her friendship with the philosopher Descartes. That versatile and nomadic Frenchman, who was at once a devout Roman Catholic and an independent thinker, a soldier and a man of the world, in the course of his wandering life spent some years in Holland, and two of these at the pretty château of Endegeest, near Leyden. During that time (1641-1643) he was a frequent visitor at the queen of Bohemia's court. Although the Princess Elizabeth was only twenty years old, her mind was ripe enough

to respond intelligently to his. He had the greatest admiration for her, and paid her a lasting tribute in the dedication of his great work, "*Principles of Philosophy*." However, philosopher as he was, he may have been fascinated as much by her youthful beauty and high rank as by her mental accomplishments. Indeed, he lavishes such gross flattery and exaggerated praise on his princess that he would fail to convince us if there were not better (although indirect) proof of her great powers of mind in his correspondence with her. Her letters to him, unfortunately, have perished; but forty of his have been preserved. They are for a great part answers to objections which she had raised against his ideas on the deepest problems that can occupy the human mind. Some of the letters allude to personal matters, and are attempts to comfort her in the family trials, which, with her grave and earnest nature, she took intensely to heart. If they are all after the pattern of that in which he endeavored to reconcile her with her uncle's death, by the extraordinary argument that death by the executioner's axe is preferable to any other, it is not likely that they had the desired effect on the poor girl!

Very unlike Elizabeth in character was the next sister, Louisa Hollandina. She was beautiful, lively, and accomplished. She painted portraits, and was considered to do credit to her master, the well-known Honthorst. She was careless of her personal appearance to the point of eccentricity. Unfortunately, she was careless in more important matters as well, and appears to have deserved, in some measure, the severe charges that are brought against her by contemporary writers.

Henrietta Maria, the third daughter, was the most beautiful and most amiable of the four sisters. She was evidently the least clever; but she was the most domestic in her tastes, and excelled in the homely and useful art of making jams.

Sophia, the mother of George I. and the friend of Leibnitz, was ten years old when she was removed from the dreary establishment at Leyden to her mother's home, where she appears to have early claimed the privileges of a grown-up woman, taking her part with wonderful success in the plays which the sisters acted. By all accounts, she was a charming girl—graceful, witty, accomplished, and brimming over with life and spirits. Her memoirs, however, reveal an appalling want of refinement, and calmly tell of practical jokes

played by the princesses on the gentlemen and ladies of the household, such as would not now be tolerated in a respectable kitchen.

They were not the only "fast" ladies at the Hague in the seventeenth century. If we are to believe Sorbière, a French visitor to the Hague, one of the favorite pastimes of ladies of rank was to disguise themselves as poor women, and travel by barge to Leyden or Delft, mixing with the people, and drawing them out to speak of the great folk at the Hague. Even the grave Elizabeth was not alive to the bad taste (to put it mildly) of these extraordinary proceedings, in which she and her sisters would sometimes join, which ended by the ladies driving off in their respective coaches, much to the astonishment of the spectators.

Beautiful and attractive as the sisters were, suitors were not numerous at the court of the well-nigh penniless queen. Elizabeth's hand was sought at a distance by King Ladislaus of Poland; but, as the proposal was made on condition that she should become a Roman Catholic, she and her mother were agreed to decline it.

Two young cousins, the Prince of Brandenburg (afterwards the Great Elector) and Charles of England, were frequent and welcome guests in the queen's house; but her hopes of securing them as sons-in-law were disappointed.

While this life of careless amusement and ordinary girlish incident was going on at the Hague, or at Rhenen, great events were moulding the world's history — events almost every one of which had some significance for the proud, eager women who, each after her fashion, chafed at their life of exile. The long, weary years between 1632 (when Frederick died) and 1649 (when Louis was reinstated in part of his hereditary dominions) were filled with endless negotiations, which, of course, were a perpetual source of alternate hope and disappointment.

In 1638 Charles and Rupert joined the army of the landgrave of Hessen, with troops which they had managed to collect. They were beaten by the imperial forces near Blöthen. Rupert was taken prisoner, and spent three years in confinement at Vienna. Louis had to fly. He travelled through France in disguise, was arrested at Vincennes, and kept in prison for months. Soon after both brothers were in England. Rupert fought bravely on the king's side; but it is not quite clear whether the cautious Louis was trying to mediate between the king and the Parlia-

ment, or to make friends with the latter on the best possible terms for himself, regardless of his uncle's fate.

The year 1641 was that of the marriage of William, the statholder's son, with the princess royal of England. The young couple held a very brilliant court at the Hague, at which Mary's aunt and cousins would naturally appear very often.

At this time Elizabeth had her four daughters and three younger sons with her. The latter were known as the "Mad Palatines," and they well deserved the name. The scales of justice, even in such an enlightened country as Holland, were not always held evenly where high-born transgressors were concerned. The authorities would be blind to their evil doings, or else punish an unfortunate companion or lackey instead. Still, there were limits to the forbearance of the magistrates, and on several occasions it was only by hasty flight that the princes escaped their well-earned punishment. Their names occur constantly in the criminal records of the years 1641-1649, which are preserved in the royal archives. Duels were of frequent occurrence. Sometimes the hot-headed young rogues did not even go through the formality of challenging their enemy before attacking him. At seventeen years of age Maurice molested harmless citizens and their wives in the open street, and he was strongly suspected of having killed a Dutch captain in a duel. Edward was supposed to have been the accomplice of Sir Charles Howard, equerry to the queen, whose duel with a French captain in 1642 had fatal consequences for the latter. The queen then sent her three sons to Paris with a tutor; but they spent so much money that she was obliged to recall them.

However, in 1645 we again find Edward in Paris. He soon after married Anne de Gonzague, daughter of the Duc de Nevers, and joined the Roman Catholic Church, to the bitter grief of his mother, whose attachment to the Protestant faith is beyond suspicion. The Princess Anne was immortalized by Bossuet in one of his "Oraisons Funèbres." Edward comes in for a few words of eulogy, which, being thoroughly undeserved, shakes our confidence in the great prelate's discrimination.

In 1646 Philip became the hero of a disgraceful story which, as it fills an important and a very dark page in the family chronicles, we are obliged to relate. Many versions of it were current at the time; the one I will now give is believed by good authorities to be most authentic.

A Frenchman, named L'Espinay, who had been obliged to leave his country for no very creditable reasons, came to the Hague. Being clever and fascinating, he obtained the queen's notice, and was appointed her equerry instead of Sir Charles Howard, who had fled to Brussels after the duel. The high favor which L'Espinay enjoyed soon gave rise to unfavorable rumors, and had the effect of making him offensively overbearing. All this angered several of Elizabeth's children, and a marked enmity sprang up between him and Philip. One night Philip was attacked by four Frenchmen, one of whom he recognized as L'Espinay. Philip fought bravely, and escaped; but next day, happening to meet his enemy, he in his turn attacked him and killed him on the spot. He was able to make his escape, and entered the Spanish service.

Elizabeth's just horror of this deed of violence and her anger against her son were not mixed with any sense of guilt on her part in having had an indirect share in the awful business by not having removed L'Espinay from her court. An intercessory letter from Charles Louis brought about reconciliation of a kind between mother and son.

In 1649 Charles Louis was restored to part of his hereditary lands, and a ninth electorate was created in his favor. His family did not benefit much by the altered fortunes of its head. The execution of Charles in the same year filled Elizabeth with natural wrath against Cromwell, whom she always called that "arch rascal." It was in harmony with her perfectly undisciplined character, that, although she continued to apply to Parliament for grants of money (which were invariably refused), she did not see that both interest and dignity should have made her attitude towards the ambassadors of the Commonwealth one of strict neutrality. She threatened to dismiss any member of her household who dared to speak to any person connected with the embassy. Deputies from the States-General waited on her to express their disapproval of the violent and threatening language used by her son Edward, who, at the time, happened to be at the Hague. The interview bore little fruit. Edward and an English gentleman of Elizabeth's court were supposed to have belonged to a party of twelve masked and well-dressed men who suddenly entered an inn, where the regicide Doreslaar, a Dutchman, was having supper with some friends, blew out the lights, and deliberately killed him, wounding four peo-

ple besides. The murderers escaped, and were never discovered. Soon after, Edward with some followers openly attacked the ambassadors, Sir Walter Strickland and Sir Oliver St. John, in their coach. As the States seemed likely to take the matter up seriously, Edward was obliged to fly. The names of the "Mad Palatines" now drop out of the Hague chronicles. Edward lived in France; Maurice joined Rupert in England, and is supposed to have perished about the year 1653 in one of the piratical expeditions which they conducted after the fall of the monarchy. Philip was killed in battle in 1655.

There was scarcely a year that did not bring some fresh misfortune to the stricken queen. Gradually her house became deserted by daughters as well as sons. The later fortunes of the four princesses were almost as chequered as those of their brothers.

Elizabeth left her mother's house as early as 1646 to visit her relations in Germany. She seldom met her mother after that. Her energy and ability found full scope when she became secular abbess of Herford, in Westphalia, in 1667. She ruled her small kingdom well, and showed courage and sympathy with the oppressed in opening her country to the persecuted members of a religious sect which had sprung up in Holland about the middle of the century. They resembled the early Quakers in some of their peculiar tenets and in their genuine and fearless piety. This doubtless accounts for William Penn's visit to the German princess and his honorable mention of her in his book "No Cross, No Crown."*

In 1650 Sophia joined her eldest brother in Germany, either in order to relieve her mother of expense or because matrimonial prospects were more promising there than in Holland. She did not, however, marry Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, the later elector of Hanover, till 1658, after the curious episode of an earlier betrothal with his brother.

Henrietta Maria became the wife of Sigismund Ragoczy, the prince of Transyl-

* An article published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last November is in many points contradictory of what I have written. However, Elizabeth's German biographer, in a very careful and thorough study of her life in the "Historisches Taschenbuch," edited by Friedrich von Raumer (1850), refutes many of the very statements made by Monsieur Bertrand in his paper, "Une Amie de Descartes," which statements appear to be mainly derived from Baillet, the biographer of Descartes. The grave charges brought in the same paper against Labadie and his followers, although they were certainly guilty of some fanatical practices, are considered by good Dutch authorities to have been calumny.

vania, in 1651, and ended her gentle, harmless life some months later.

The widowed queen was left alone with Louisa Hollandina, the clever painter daughter, who was to add another extraordinary page to the family history. In 1657 she suddenly and secretly left her mother's house, taking neither money nor attendants. A letter in which she announced her intention of becoming a Roman Catholic, and promised to write at some future time, was found. This sudden disappearance was at the time attributed to motives more in harmony with her character than her alleged motive; but these reports were proved to be calumnious. She became abbess of Maubuisson, and lived to a very great age. Bossuet, in his high-flown language, speaks of her thus: "La princesse Louise dont les vertus font éclater par toute l'Eglise la gloire du saint monastère de Maubuisson." If this eulogy is worth more than that bestowed on her brother, she must indeed have "turned over a new leaf" in France. The Duc de St. Simon, in his memoirs, confirms the opinion of Bossuet, and adds some personal touches which give an appearance of accuracy to his statements.*

Louisa's heartless flight left her mother quite alone. Of her thirteen children, seven were dead; the six others were scattered far and wide. Her undaunted spirit gave way at last, and the tone of her later letters is one of deep melancholy. The ever-increasing burden of debt—in great measure due to her hopeless extravagance—was one of her heaviest sorrows. While James II. lived, her income was amply sufficient; but she was always heavily in debt. On Frederick's death the monthly allowance from the States-General stopped, and when the Civil War began in England the money from that quarter came irregularly until it ceased altogether. Elizabeth's income was now derived from her father's inheritance, and fell far short of her requirements. Her son, either from inability or unwillingness,

* "Madame de Maubuisson était sœur du père de Madame et du père de Madame la Princesse et de ses sœurs, de la mère de l'Electeur de Hanovre, roi d'Angleterre, fille de la sœur du roi d'Angleterre, Charles I., tante des deux rois d'Angleterre, ses fils, et grand-tante de l'impératrice Amélie, femme de l'Empereur Joseph. Tant d'éclat fut absorbé sous son voile. Elle ne fut principalement que religieuse, et seulement abbesse pour éclairer et conduire sa communauté, dont elle ne souffrit jamais d'être distinguée en rien. Elle ne connut que sa cellule, le réfectoire, la portion commune. Son humilité avait banni toutes les différences que les moindres abbesses affectent dans leurs maisons, et tout air de savoir les moindres choses, encore qu'elle égalât beaucoup de vrais savants. Elle avait infiniment d'esprit, aise naturel, sans songer jamais qu'elle en eût non plus que de science."—SAINT-SIMON.

gave her but scant help. The letters that passed between them do honor to neither. On one occasion the elector sent her a present of Rhenish wine which appears to have been sour; for the queen wrote in return that he should have sent her money instead, and that he should have known that vinegar was not expensive at the Hague! In 1653 she was in such distress that she actually wrote to her faithful friend Lord Craven, who had gone to Heidelberg to settle affairs with Charles Louis "Il se peut que la prochaine vous apprenne que je n'ai rien à manger. Ce n'est pas une métaphore, mais la vérité pure."

The elector invited her to live in the Castle of Heidelberg. In 1654 she decided to go; but her creditors interfered, and she was obliged to appeal to the States of Holland, who appointed a committee to inquire into her affairs. A hundred and sixty-four persons, most of them with large claims, appeared before this committee. The very sums she owed to her butcher and her baker are still on record. A washerwoman made the very natural suggestion that the queen should sell her jewels; upon which the president gave the indignant answer: "Must not a queen have some jewels for her amusement?" The poor woman rejoined: "Yes, sir; but we have pawned everything, and must not our poor children have bread?" "Be silent, woman," was the stern reply. However, the queen was not allowed to leave the country. The States gave her money for current expenses; but the debts remained unpaid until after the restoration of Charles II. Elizabeth had to make a yearly application to the States, which must have been a severe trial to her proud nature. The following verbal entry in a State paper dated July 12, 1658, opens up a sad vista of deep misery and humiliation: "Received a piteous petition from the queen of Bohemia, couched in such submissive and humble terms as express her Majesty's miserable and desolate condition, but do not suit her dignity."

In 1661, the year after his restoration, Charles invited his aunt to come to England. Elizabeth eagerly accepted the proposal. Three frigates were placed at her disposal by the States. Sophia came with her husband to bid her farewell. Lord Craven placed his house in Drury Lane at her disposal until she should move into one of her own in Leicester Square.

It is believed by some that, although Lord Craven was her junior by twelve years, there had been a private marriage.

Other writers deny this emphatically, and even speak of a projected marriage between him and the Princess Elizabeth. The question remains open.

The queen died the year after her return to her native country. Of all her children only Rupert was near her. She begged Charles to pay her debts. It is not surprising to learn that not Charles, but Rupert and Lord Craven, fulfilled this dying request. She was buried in Westminster Abbey with the pomp befitting her rank; but her death caused little stir in the world in which for a short time she had played so brilliant a part. His story has on the whole been kind to her memory. The exiled widow, with her unruly household and perpetual debts, is well-nigh forgotten; but the brave young queen, whose courage never failed in the face of danger, whose spirit was not daunted by misfortune, whose fidelity to the cause in which she believed was proof against every temptation, will never disappear from its pages.

S. I. DE ZUYLEN DE NYEVELT.

From The New Review.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN TO HIS SECRETARY.

THE following selection of letters was addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Charles Augustus Howell, who, towards the end of 1865, became Mr. Ruskin's working secretary—not, that is to say, his "private secretary" in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for it has ever been Mr. Ruskin's habit to conduct his profuse correspondence with his own hand; but his assistant in literary work, his *factotum*, and the instrument of his charity. That Mr. Howell, by his talents and assiduity, became, for a period, much more than the mere henchman or agent of Mr. Ruskin—indeed, his trusted friend and *protégé*—is well known.

The lover of Ruskinian philosophy or Ruskinian polemics will search in vain in these letters for startling disputation, original assertion, vigorous denunciation, or quaint confession, such as may be looked for, and seldom with disappointment, in Mr. Ruskin's public utterances. But what he will find is of a different order—and therein lie the charm and originality of the series. He will see Ruskin the worker, as he acts away from the eyes of the world; Ruskin the epistolographer, when the eventuality of the print-

ing-press is not for the moment before him; Ruskin the Good Samaritan, ever gentle and open-handed when true need and a good cause make appeal to his tender heart; Ruskin the employer, considerate, generous—an ideal master. He will also find something of Ruskin the valetudinarian, and Ruskin the humorist. In short, he will find the Sage of Coniston as he was behind the scenes without the eye of the world upon him, and as the conditions of his work and method of life disclosed him to his intimates. With these few words of introduction we proceed with the selection of the letters, though indeed—as with Madame de Sévigné's pottle of strawberries—it has been a difficult task to choose.

[17th May, 1865.]

MY DEAR HOWELL,—It is a great pleasure to me to be able to assist you a little; and a greater to hear that your cousin is likely to be benefited by any effort you can make for her. I could not even read your letter last night. I was at dinner and I never answer or read letters after "business hours"—I never see anybody, my best friends, but by pre-engagement. Ask the Rossetti's, or any one else who knows me. I can't do it—having my poor little weak head and body divided enough by my day's work. But do not less think me ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I enclose cheque.

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL,—I want you to come and dine with me on my birthday, please—if you can—the Richmonds will be with me I hope, and it will be nice—all but the horrid occasion.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Thanks so much for Dolores. Am afraid the enclosed gentleman drinks, and I know him to have very little brains when he's sober. Would you kindly call and look at him any day, saying I asked you to see just what his position was.

Denmark Hill, S.,

Wednesday [22nd February, 1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL,—I really was very sorry for you, because you *thought* you had missed so much. I can't be sorry for you any other-how. My dear boy—is life so jolly a thing that you should find trouble in missing our home talk? But it *was* provoking.

Here's something please I want done very much. Will you please go to the Crystal Palace to-morrow or the day after, which is the last day, but to-morrow better, and, if it is not sold, buy the lizard canary (£1) No. 282, page 17 of Catalogue, in any name you like *not* mine, nor yours, and give the bird to anybody who you think will take care of it, and I'll give you the price when I see you—which must be soon, and I'm ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Evidently a tale hung by this canary, for it forms the subject of many communications. Two days later he writes : —

I am heartily obliged to you for managing this little business of the bird so nicely, and for the promise that your cousin will take care of it. If she gets fond of it, she need not fear my claiming it; but I am glad it will be safe.

I am sorry to have to ask you again on Sunday, but if you *could* come over at $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 4 to-morrow and tell me about Cruikshank, &c., I should be very glad.

Say nothing about the bird.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

At this time George Cruikshank was in severe straits, and his friends, not for the only time in his life, were bethinking themselves how they might aid him. Ruskin, at this time, too, was considering how he might gild his charity in a commission involving the issue of a fairy-book for children with the great etcher's illustrations; but meantime other kindnesses engaged his attention.

A fortnight later he writes : —

MY DEAR HOWELL, — Here are £20: please take the bird sovereign out of it (Does he sing at all?) and don't let me keep anything of your fifty unless you can spare it. Thanks for your note about the boy and infinite thanks for kindest offer. But I've no notion of doing so much as this for him. All I want is a decent lodging — he is now a shop-boy — I only want a bit of a garret in a decent house, and means of getting him into some school of art. I fancy Kensington best — and you should look after him morally and æsthetically. — Ever yours affectionately,

J. R.

Denmark Hill, S.
[27th March, 1866.]

MY DEAR HOWELL, — Please tell me about your illness. I am curious. How curious all that is about the Grimm plates. I wish you would ask Cruikshank whether he thinks he could execute some designs from fairy tales — of my choosing, of the same size, about, as these vignettes and with a given thickness of etching line; using *no* fine lines anywhere?

Thanks about the boy, and please let me know the particulars of the address.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

The reader should here be reminded that for Cruikshank's plates to Grimm's fairy-tales Ruskin has ever expressed the most unbounded admiration. "If ever," he wrote, "you happen to meet with two volumes of Grimm's 'German Stories,' which were illustrated by George Cruikshank long ago, pounce upon them instantly; the etchings in them are the

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finest things, next to Rembrandt's, that, as far as I know, have been done since etching was invented." It was not only the simplicity and directness of them that extorted Ruskin's praise, but particularly the high merit of his etched line. In the following letter he enlarges considerably upon his idea with characteristic grace and delicacy.

Denmark Hill, S.
2nd April [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, — I have sent the *Felise* to Moxon all right. I don't want to lose an hour in availing myself of Mr. Cruikshank's kindness, but am puzzled, as I look at the fairy tales I have within my reach, at their extreme badness: the thing I shall attempt will be a small collection of the best and simplest I can find, retouched a little, with Edward's help, and with as many vignettes as Mr. Cruikshank will do for me. One of the stories will certainly be the *Pied Piper* of Hamelin — but I believe in prose. I can only lay hand just now on Browning's rhymed rendering of it, but that will do for the subject. I want the piper taking the children to Koppelberg hill — a nice little rout of funny little German children — not too many for clearness of figure — and a bit of landscape with the ravine opening in the hillside — but all simple and bright and clear, with broad lines: the landscape in Curdren running after his hat, for instance, or the superb bit with the cottage in Thumbling picked up by the Giant, are done with the kind of line I want, and I should like the vignette as small as possible — full of design and meat — not of labor and light and shade.

I would always rather have two small vignettes than one large one. And I will give *any* price that Mr. Cruikshank would like, but he must forgive me for taking so much upon me as to make the thick fine line a *condition*, for I cannot bear to see his fine hand waste itself in scratching middle tints and covering mere spaces, as in the *Cinderella* and other later works. The *Peewit* vignette, with the people jumping into the lake, I have always thought one of the very finest things ever done in pure line. It is so bold — so luminous; so intensely real, so full of humor, and expression, and character, to the last dot.

I send you my Browning marked with the subject at page 315, combining 1 and 2, and perhaps in the distance might be the merest suggestion of a Town Council, 3 — but I leave this wholly to Mr. Cruikshank's feeling.

Please explain all this to him, for I dare not write to him these impertinences without more really heartfelt apology than I have time, or words, to-day to express. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

A few days later (April 7th) he says : —

That is capital and very funny about the *pied piper*. Your subjects are all good as good can be, but final one is here the best.

Please tell me of any other stories and subjects that chance to you.

It will be remembered how, in 1869, Mr. Ruskin so gracefully assisted Rossetti in the printing of his "Early Italian Poets." It is doubtless the same sort of generosity that just three years before prompted the next letter (April 9th, 1866).

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL, — I do not know anything that has given me so much pleasure for a long time as the thought of the feeling with which Cruikshank will read this list of his Committee. You're a jolly fellow — you are, and I'm very grateful to you, and ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

I enclose Ckk.'s letter, which is very beautiful. I think you must say £100 (a hundred) for me.

Letter just received — so many thanks. It's delightful about Cruikshank.

Denmark Hill, S.,
16th April, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL, — I'm leaving town next week — for six weeks or two months, and shall have to leave much to your kind management. For one thing I want to know exactly how I stand at Marlborough College, and I have just got an application for a presentation to it, from Archdeacon Allen, and I think I ought to have one, if not two, some day soon. Will you find out whom one should write to, and enclose this note and ask for full details? — Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

Paris, 27th April, 1866.

DEAR HOWELL, — We are getting on nicely. My address will be Poste Restante, Vevay, Canton Vaud, Suisse. Send me as little as you possibly can. Tie up the knocker — say I'm sick — I'm dead. (Flattering and love letters, please — in any attainable quantity. Nothing else.) Necessary business, in your own words, if possible, shortly, as you would if I was really paralytic or broken-ribbed, or anything else dreadful; and after all explanation and abbreviations don't expect any answer — till I come back! But, in fact, I've a fair appetite for *one* dinner a day. My cousin likes two, but I only carve at one of them. Tell Ned this. The Continent is quite ghastly in unspeakable degradations and ill-omenedness of ignoble vice, everywhere. — Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

The next two letters which follow refer to the illness of a "friend" in his party. To the facts full reference is made in "Præterita." As no concealment is made in that publication as to his companions, their identity is not suppressed here, as — referring to private ladies — it would otherwise be. In the next he continues:

Neuchatel, 13th May.

MY DEAR HOWELL, — I am entirely occu-

pled to-day by the — too probably mortal — illness of one of the friends I am travelling with, but I may be more so to-morrow; so I write you just this line to ask you to answer just as you have done any letters now coming to you. I'll write to poor Mr. J. myself. Please post enclosed, and say to everybody whom it may concern that that portrait of Mr. Mawkes's is unquestionably Turner by himself: and on the whole the most interesting one I know. I gave Mr. Mawkes a letter to this effect, six months ago or more. Thanks for all letters to Vevay, &c., and business so nicely done. — Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

The friend died, and Mr. Ruskin's party proceeded to Thun, whence he writes in an unusually spirited strain: —

Thun,
21st May [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, —
Poste Restante,
Interlachen,
Suisse,

will find me, I hope, for some days to come. I've had a rather bad time of it at Neuchatel; what with Death and the North Wind; both devil's inventions as far as I can make out. But things are looking a little better now, and I had a lovely three hours' walk by the lake shore, in cloudless calm, from 5 to 8 this morning, under hawthorn and chestnut — here just in full blossom, and among other pleasantnesses — too good for mortals, as the North Wind, and the rest of it are too bad. We don't deserve either such blessing or cursing, it seems to poor moth me. — Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

After visits to Interlachen and Meringen another move was made to Lucerne, and the journey continued to Schaffhausen. From the former place Mr. Ruskin writes: —

Lucerne,
Friday, 22nd June [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — The post's all wrong, but we're all right at last. I've got everything and that's all I can say to-day. Write "Poste Restante, Neuchatel, Suisse."

That "nice quiet Miss H." was dancing quadrilles with an imaginary partner — (a pine branch I had brought in to teach her botany with!) — all round the breakfast-table so long yesterday morning that I couldn't get my letters written, and am all behind to-day in consequence. — Ever yours affectionately,
J. RUSKIN.

Dear love to Ned. I've got Georgie's letter. I'm too good-for-nothing to answer such divine things.

Geneva, 4th July [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — All's right now. I have your packets and will send some talk to-morrow. I can only [say] to-day that I'm delighted about all these Cruikshank matters, and if the dear old man will do anything he

likes more from the old Grimms it will be capital. Edward and Morris,* and you and I will choose the subjects together.

My little daisy, Miss H., is wild to-day about jewellers' shops, but not so wild as to have no love to send you. So here you have it, and some from the other one, too, though she's rather worse than the little one, because of a new bracelet. They've been behaving pretty well lately, and only broke a chair nearly in two this morning, running after each other. — Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

You did very nicely about Munro. I return the signed cheque. Please send it with my love, for I can't write to-day. *Is he better?*

The party returned from their Swiss tour in the latter part of July, their arrival being duly heralded, and followed, of course, by several calls upon the writer's charity.

Denmark Hill,
22nd August [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — The enclosed is from a funny, rather nice, half crazy old French lady — (guessing at her from her letters) and I have a curiosity to know what kind of a being it is. Would you kindly call on her and ask her for further information about the perdicament [*sic*] and, if you think it at all curable or transit-able, I'll advance her 20 pounds without interest. I've only told her you will call to "inquire into the circumstances of the case." — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.,
and Sept., 1866.

DEAR HOWELL, — I am wholly obliged to you for these Cruikshanks. The Jack Shepherd [*sic*] one is quite awful, and a miracle of skill and command of means. The others are all splendid in their way — the morning one with the far-away street I like the best — the officials with the children are glorious too, — withering: if one understands it. But who does? or ever did? This sense of loss and vanity of all good acts — *until we are better people* — increases in us daily.

I can't understand the dear old lady's letters, nor see the main point — *i.e.*, if she has got the receipt from Maple. I sent them a cheque as soon as you had left. I suppose it is all right, but I return you the letters. Please look after her a little. I shouldn't mind placing the over-charge sum at her bankers besides.

Also look over the enclosed form from B—. I'm very sorry about this man — anything more worrying than the whole business can't be. He'll never paint! — and how to keep him from starvation and madness, I can't see. I can't keep every unhappy creature who mistakes his vocation. What can I do? I've rather a mind to send him this fifty

pounds, which would be the simplest way to me of getting quit of him — but I can't get quit of the *thought* of him. Is his wife nice, do you know, or if you don't, would you kindly go and see? I've written to him to write to you, and to explain things to you, if you call. What a tidy nice way you have of doing things — the hymn to Proserpine looks like a set of pictures. What did you find among the [?] photos of Llewellyn Correspondence? The man wrote to me yesterday for a letter of Lord Derby's. I knew no more who he was than the Emperor of China. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I — * wrote to me in a worry for money, the day before yesterday. I wrote I couldn't help him — all the earlier part of this week an old friend of my father's, a staff writer on the *Times*, was bothering and sending his wife out here in cabs in the rain, to lend him £800, on no security to speak of, and yesterday comes a letter from Edinburgh saying that my old friend Dr. John Brown is gone mad — owing to, among other matters, pecuniary affairs (after a whole life of goodness and usefulness).

At page 449 of the Venetian Documents is Paul Veronese's estimate of the Tintoret pictures of which you have two photos — at 50 ducats each — pretty well for those days?

Denmark Hill, S.,
[5th Sept., 1866.]

DEAR HOWELL, — Fearfully hurried this morning or I would have seen your cousin. I'm sorry she has had these troubles — but tell B — it's absolutely of no use his trying to see me (I don't even see my best friends at present as you know), and nothing is of the least influence with me but plain facts plainly told and right conduct. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

How many impostors who may read this last letter will smile at the declaration which concludes it? For Mr. Ruskin's judgment has notoriously been victimized many a time and oft at the expense of his heart — and pocket. Mr. Ruskin now returns to the Cruikshank scheme.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[Sept., 1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — I send you the Rhine, with much love. I'm so glad you don't like those north stories. Wouldn't Cruikshank choose himself subjects out of Grimm? If not, to begin with, the old soldier who has lost his way in a wood comes to a cottage with a light in it shining through the trees. At its door is a witch spinning — of whom he asks lodging. She says "He must dig her garden, then." — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The suggestion was duly carried out by

* Mr. William Morris.

* A very well-known painter of great merit, recently dead.

the aged artist — with what result a later letter will show.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[11th Sept., 1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, — Thank you for all trouble and for the etchings, &c. I have been looking through at the fairy tales but don't like any. I think the best way would be to make that old Grimm a little richer, — where are plenty more subjects in it.

How horrid all that is — like a story in Dickens — about the old lady and the lawyers. Thank your cousin for all her niceness. Look here — without saying who it is for, or talking about it, whenever you come across any pencil drawings of Prout's, tell me of it. I'm glad I had that one for you for I think you must sometimes enjoy it a little. I've got plenty for *myself*, but I've a plan about them. Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Denmark Hill, S.,
[14th Sept., '66.]

MY DEAR HOWELL, — I forgot to thank you for the Cruikshank plate of fairies. I lost it out of a book when I was a boy, and am most heartily glad to have it again. The *facsimiles* are most interesting — as examples of the *im-measurably* little things on which life and death depend in work — a fatal truth, forced upon me too sharply, long ago, in my own endeavors to engrave Turner. That boy's sketches are marvellous. I should like to see him and be of any use I could to him. Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Meanwhile Mr. Howell had been to Boulogne, but returned in accordance with the imperative instructions of Mr. Ruskin, in consequence of an outbreak of cholera.

Denmark Hill, S.,
26th Sept.

MY DEAR HOWELL, — My mother is terribly nervous about the cholera at Boulogne — so, I find, is Rossetti — I am not and I hope you are not — most assuredly I should have gone myself just now, but for leaving my mother alone. But, under the circumstances I feel it my duty to beg you to return instantly. I mean this for as much of an order as it would be becoming to our friendship for either of us to receive from the other under any circumstances and I shall be seriously annoyed if you do not immediately comply with it (your good-nature might else make you delay). — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

When in Boulogne Mr. Howell called upon a lady for whom he had received a letter of introduction. That letter is one of those omitted from this series; but this word of explanation is necessary in respect to the following epistle: —

Denmark Hill, S.

DEAR HOWELL, — This H — business is serious. Write to Miss B — that I do not

choose at present to take any notice of it, else the creditor would endeavor to implicate me in it at once, if there was the least appearance of my having been acquainted with the transaction — and I don't at all intend to lose money by force, whatever I may do for my poor friend when she is quit of lawyers. If people in this world would but teach a little less religion, and a little more common honesty it would be much more to everybody's purpose — and to God's.

The etching will not do. The dear old man has dwelt on serious and frightful subjects, and cultivated his consciousness till he has lost his humor. He may still do impressive and moral subjects, but I know by this group of children that he can do fairy tales no more.*

I think he might quite well do still what he would feel it more his duty to do — illustrations of the misery of the streets of London. He knows that, and I would gladly purchase the plates at the same price.

Here is the cheque for this, and Miss B —'s note. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Give my dear love to Mr. Cruikshank and say, if he had been less kind and good, his work now would have been fitter for wayward children — but that his lessons of deeply import will be incomparably more precious if he *cares* to do them. But he must not work while in the country.

Denmark Hill,
3rd November [1866].

DEAR HOWELL, — I enclose your cheque for the 8th. You are now quits with me and we come to our 50 at February, but let me know always fearlessly when you want any quicker help. You can't at all think what complicated and acute worry I've been living in the last two months. I'm getting a little less complex now, only steady headache instead of thorn fillet. I don't mean to be irreverent, but in a small way, in one's poor little wretched humanity, it but expresses the difference. That's why I couldn't think about Cruikshank or anything. — Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill, S.,
9th November [1866].

MY DEAR HOWELL, — All that you have done is right and nice — but I am sorry to see you are yourself overworked also. I will take some measures to relieve you of this nuisance by writing a letter somewhere on modern destitution in the middle classes. I hope to be able to do this more effectively towards the beginning of the year, and to state that for the present I must retire from

* Nearly twenty years later, Mr. Ruskin thus again referred to Cruikshank's lost power, as testified in these two plates of the "Pied Piper" and Grimm's "Story of the Blue Light": "It was precisely because Mr. Cruikshank *could not* return to the manner of the Grimm plates" (published in 1882) "but etched too finely and shaded too much, that our project came to an end."

the position necessarily now occupied by a publicly recognized benevolent—or simple—person. In the meantime, whenever you don't think a letter deserves notice, merely say you "have forwarded it to me." Forward them to me in packets, merely putting a cross on the back of any you wish me to read. I may—or may not—but I will take the onus of throwing the rest into the fire.

I simply have at present no more money—and therefore am unable to help—in fact I am a long way within of my proper banker's balance, and I don't choose at present to sell out stock and diminish my future power of usefulness.

I think I shall do most ultimate good by distinctly serviceable appropriation of funds, not by saving here and there an unhappy soul—I wish I could—when I hear of them, as you well know I am at the end of my means just now, and that's all about it.

I am going to write to Rutter* to release Cruikshank from the payment of that hundred.† He gave me some bonds which may be useful to him, and I shall put the roo down—as I said I should—to the testimonial.

Take care of yourself. Don't answer letters at all—when you're tired. Suppose you are me, yourself—of course I can't answer them. Ever, with love to your cousin, your affectionate,
J. RUSKIN.

Such are some of Mr. Ruskin's letters to his secretary, extending practically over thirteen months' time. There is nothing sensational in them, nothing startling. But they show the man working away from the eye of the world, and presenting, as they do, a picture of him on his tender way through life, kindly, appreciative, enthusiastic, and as full of fun as of pain, they set forth a truer picture of him and his character—and that painted by his own unconscious hand—than can well be found elsewhere.

* Mr. Henry Rutter, of a Aldermanbury, E.C., who appears to have acted as Mr. Ruskin's agent in money matters.

† See letter of the 9th of April, 1866.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE LATEST ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY.

ON Wednesday, the 3rd of February, the Royal Institution was crowded with one of the most critical scientific audiences in the world, who were held spell-bound for more than two hours while Mr. Tesla gave an account of his discoveries. Mr. Tesla is a young electrician born at Rieka, on the border of Montenegro, and now domiciled in America. The interest of the lecture lay not in the beautiful experiments with which it was illustrated,

nor in the actual facts put forward, but in the hope which it held out that we may now draw back a little farther the veil which hides one of the most fascinating mysteries of nature, namely the relations between light and electricity, and between matter and motion.

The tendency of modern science is to remove day by day the barriers between its different branches. Our views of the phenomena of light and heat, of electricity and magnetism, and even of matter and motion, are rapidly merging into one general theory of molecular physics, which is perhaps best expressed by the vortex theory of Sir William Thomson.

According to this theory the whole of every part of space is filled with a fluid called ether, almost infinitely thin, and almost infinitely elastic. The historic experiments of Faraday interpreted by the mathematical researches of Clerk Maxwell have demonstrated almost beyond doubt that the same ether whose waves carry light and heat from the sun and stars to the earth, also carries the waves of electric and magnetic induction which, as the daily experiments at Kew Observatory show, follow each outburst of solar activity.

Sir William Thomson holds that all that which we know as matter consists of vortices or whirlpools of this ether, which, from their rapid rotating motion, resist displacement, and therefore show the common properties of hardness and strength in the same way as a spinning top or gyroscope tends to keep its axis in a fixed direction. But whether the molecules or particles of what we know as matter are independent matter, or whether they are ether whirlpools, we know that they keep up an incessant hammering one on another, and thus on everything in space.

Professor Crookes has shown that the forces contained in this bombardment are immensely greater than any forces we have yet handled, many millions of horsepower being contained in an ordinary room. Owing, however, to the forces being in every possible direction they neutralize each other, and no result of them is perceivable to our senses; but if ever we discover how to so direct their courses as to send the majority of them in the same direction, we shall have at our disposal forces as much exceeding any we are now acquainted with as the blow struck by a bullet exceeds the force required to pull the trigger of a gun. In fact, as Mr. Tesla put it in his lecture, "We shall then hock our machinery on to

the machinery of nature." It is because they hold out to us a hope, however distant, of some day so guiding the ether storm, that the experiments of Nikola Tesla are of such transcendent interest and importance.

Professor Crookes, in his experiments on "radiant matter," has given us the first hint of a method of directing what, for want of more exact knowledge, we will call the molecules of matter. With the appliances at his command, however, he was unable to impart any great change of direction, but he succeeded in making that change manifest by reducing the disturbing forces acting against his directing force. In other words, he pumped out from glass bulbs and tubes nearly all the air or other gas that they contained, and the comparatively few particles left were then free to travel in any course imparted to them without much change caused by collision with others. This special direction was imparted by means of electricity, and gave us the beautiful phenomena of phosphorescence and radiant matter which are now so well known in these experiments.

By means of suitably shaped terminals a stream of molecules is focussed on a given point. If a piece of carbon or platinum is placed at that point it becomes white hot under the bombardment, from identically the same cause which causes a sheet of flame to appear when a cannon shot strikes an iron target. If a ruby or other phosphorescent material is placed there it glows with its characteristic color, and if a little delicately balanced vane or windmill is placed so that the stream is directed on one side of its fans it rapidly revolves. The forces available in these experiments were, however, almost indefinitely small, being as it were merely flying spray from the great torrent into which we have not yet been able to penetrate.

We now come to the advances made by Mr. Tesla.

In all the above experiments the electricity by which the directing force was imparted to the molecules was electricity of a comparatively slow alternation period, namely, electric currents oscillating about eighty to one hundred times per second. It was as if we had tried to ventilate a room by causing a man to walk slowly through it with an umbrella. He would undoubtedly move the air, but would move it so slowly that ordinary methods would be insufficient to enable us to perceive its motion. In order to cause a rush of air we must put up a rapidly moving fan or

other suitable machinery. Mr. Tesla, seeing this, abandoned the ordinary dynamo, which, as we have already noted, gives about eighty alternations per second, and the ordinary induction coil, which gives about the same number, and boldly constructed a dynamo which gives twenty thousand alternations per second, and by connecting this to suitable condensers he multiplied its alterations until they reached one million, or one million five hundred thousand per second.

Then at once an entire set of new phenomena appeared, and the experimenter entered a region of mystery and hope. One of the first things noticed was, that either because these vibrations are too rapid to excite corresponding vibrations in the nerves of the body, or from some other cause, no shock is felt from the current; and that though an ordinary current at two thousand volts will kill, yet this current at fifty thousand volts cannot be felt at all.

It was also found that the vibrations keep time in some unknown way with the vibrations of solid matter. Vulcanite is one of the best insulators known, and will entirely stop any ordinary current or discharge, but the stream of sparks between two poles with this current pours through a thick sheet of vulcanite as easily or even with greater ease than through air. It does not perforate it in any way, but passes through it as light passes through glass.

All the Crookes phenomena of radiant matter are almost indefinitely increased; it is the blow of mitrailleuse bullets compared to the blow of an air-ball thrown against the wind. The forces can be directed for a considerable distance through space without the aid of wires. Electric lamps light easily when attached to one single wire, and require no return conductor; and more wonderful still, if metal plates are fixed on the roof and walls of a room and connected to the terminals, the whole atmosphere of that room, whether it be ether or whether it be particles of common matter, is thrown into a state of storm and agitation which can be at once made perceptible by bringing into the space tubes or globes from which the air has been partially exhausted. Such tubes though without any metallic connections yet glow and throb as if powerful currents of electricity were being sent through them from an ordinary induction coil.

A Crookes radiometer placed near a metal conductor from which neither spark nor glow is perceptible yet rotates as if it

were placed near a lamp or heated body, but rotates in the wrong direction, and, last of all, a true flame burns in which nothing is consumed.

When the discharge issues from a suitable terminal it has the appearance and roaring sound of a gas flame burning under too high a pressure, and gives off a considerable heat; to use Mr. Tesla's words again: "This is not unexpected, as all the force and heat in the universe is due to the falling together of lifted weights, and the same result is produced whether these weights have been lifted apart by chemical energy, and rest in the form of oxygen and hydrogen ready to combine chemically, or in the form of mechanical energy of moving molecules directed by the electric current."

On the same table, on which Mr. Tesla's experiments were shown a few days ago, there swung in the year 1834, a delicately balanced galvanometer needle, under the influence of the first induction current, produced by the genius of Faraday. The force available to move it was very small, probably not greater than the forces lighting Mr. Tesla's tubes, yet that force has now developed one of the greatest industries of the world. It lights millions of lamps in London and elsewhere, in America it drives cars on thousands of miles of railways, and will soon distribute the power of Niagara Falls to the inhabitants of the neighboring states. May we not hope for some such development of the new discovery, and that we shall some day harness to our machinery the natural forces, which from the beginning of time have literally been slipping through our fingers?

Should the application of Mr. Tesla's results ever fulfil the bold dreams of scientific imagination, we shall see a social and political change at least as important as that caused by the railway system or the electric telegraph.

Most manual labor will become unnecessary, as unlimited power will be available at every man's hand. Engineering works will be able to be carried out on a far greater scale than has yet been even contemplated, and doubtless a corresponding era of material prosperity will set in; but, whether these dreams are ever fulfilled or not, few who attended Mr. Tesla's lecture will forget the possibilities which seemed to open to their minds when they saw a living man standing in the midst of the electric storm, receiving unharmed in his hands flashes of veritable lightning,

and waving above his head a tube, through which the very life-blood of creation pulsed, in waves of purple fire.

J. E. H. GORDON.

From The Contemporary Review.
MR. SPURGEON.

BY THE BISHOP OF RIFON.

MR. SPURGEON is dead. There are thousands in this country, and there are tens of thousands in other lands, in whom this announcement will awaken a sense of personal loss. There are multitudes in England and America who reckoned among the prospects of their visit to London the treat of hearing Mr. Spurgeon. We are told by Mr. Stead of a North-countryman who said: "I dinna want to die till I gang to London and see Madame Tussaud's and hear Mr. Spurgeon." This man may be taken as a type of thousands, whose range of reading was restricted, whose historical interests culminated in Madame Tussaud's, and whose religious curiosity reached to Mr. Spurgeon. Their vision would be satisfied with the wax figures in Baker Street—or, rather, Marylebone Road; and their hearts would be gladdened at the Tabernacle. I do not mean that the range of Mr. Spurgeon's influence was limited to this type of man; it was far wider; but the type may be taken to represent those for whom Mr. Spurgeon's message had a special charm. Far wider was his influence; and the sense of loss will not be felt only among those who looked forward to hearing him, it will be the portion of those thousands to whom Mr. Spurgeon's sermon was a weekly benefit or boon. Ladies of education and culture took delight in reading his sermons; and ministers of all denominations found them more or less useful. Indeed, speaking of this, I tremble to think of those echoes to whom Mr. Spurgeon's death means the silence of the voice which awoke their notes. An echo is a poor thing at the best, having no originating faculty; but a pulpit echo is of all echoes the poorest and most pitiable, for this is an echo which is expected to make some noise every Sunday. There is, however, consolation for these; for we are informed that the accumulation of sermons in the publisher's hands will suffice for the issue of a weekly sermon by Mr. Spurgeon for some years to come: so that his echoes may continue their reverberations

for some time longer, till the supply comes to an end, and the imitators fall back upon their original staleness, and go limping about their work, having lost the power of using their own legs after having employed crutches so long. It will, perhaps, be good for them to be obliged to use their own powers. I think Mr. Spurgeon would have agreed with Dr. Johnson, in saying that "no man ever yet was great through imitation." I think Mr. Spurgeon would have gone further; I think that, however desirous he may have been of training men to teach the principles which he conceived to be essential truths of religion, he appreciated originality, and that from an ethical and spiritual point of view he would have said to those who aspired to serve God by preaching: "*Be yourselves*, but do not think of yourselves. Nay, forget self in order that you may be yourselves." For whatever else may be said of the great Baptist preacher, whether we describe him as a preacher, an organizer, an author, one thing remains true of him—he was always Mr. Spurgeon. It was his personality which impressed the world; the things he said may be quoted as smart or telling, as humorous or pathetic (though he was not often in the melting mood), but behind all was the force of his own personal character, his faith, his independence, his earnestness, his perseverance, the sum total of those mysterious qualities which make up personality; there was the character behind, which reveals itself in word and action, and which, in its turn, gives weight and force to all that is said and done; so that the same thing said by different men carries very different weight. What a man says is appraised by a subtle process of valuation; and in this men are like stocks which pay equal dividends, but command different market prices.

Mr. Spurgeon's loss thus becomes more than a loss to those who received from him much of their spiritual diet, or their pulpit pabulum. His death is the loss of a personality and character whose influence ranged further than his hearers or his readers. He was a factor in the life of the English-speaking people. He was an Englishman possessed of the robust qualities of our race, and he held a position which was recognized (even by those who differed from him most widely in religion and politics) as a position to which he was justly entitled, not because he was a Baptist, a Calvinist, a Non-conformist minister, but in virtue of those qualities which Englishmen have always delighted to

honor—energy, perseverance, courage, frankness of speech, singleness of purpose, independence of character, and faith in God.

Leaving out of sight his position as a religious teacher, he bequeaths us a lesson of success in life. Strictly speaking, he had no advantage of birth or circumstance, save that inestimable advantage of traditional piety in the home. But the step from the little cottage next to the Wheatsheaf Inn at Kelvedon to the Tabernacle and Beulah Hill was a great one. In taking it he had to endure the jealous distrust, partly natural and justifiable, but partly also discreditable and unworthy, which seldom forgets to dog the steps of those who climb above their fellows. There were some who prophesied that the excitement of his fame would not last. He had "gone up like a rocket and would come down like a stick." Dr. Parker, who quotes this, tells us also that grave and reverend men apologized for him, and hoped that "he would not be regarded as a fair sample of the Baptist ministry." He also relates how Dr. Binney spoke of him as a boy who talked "in a most confused and incoherent manner, without logic or consistency." But time did not wear out his reputation; the light shone to the last. He had talent, but he had qualities without which talent is of little avail; he had what athletes would call staying power. He passed through the ordeal of the *furor* of early fame. A lighter character and a less stable soul might have been ruined by the popularity which met him on the threshold of his manhood. The prosperity of fools destroys them; but Mr. Spurgeon had the instinct of a strong nature. He knew that no man can produce great effects without hard work. He had won a reputation; he did more, he did the much harder thing, he maintained it. He was able to do so, because he recognized the law of hard work, and because he was wise enough not to be tempted out of his depth. Of his hard work little need be said. It is open to all to see that he did not offer to his people what cost him nothing. We are told how the late Rev. Mr. Denton noticed at the British Museum a gentleman who was constantly consulting the works of the fathers and of other divines, and who proved to be Mr. Spurgeon's man, employed to ransack the divinity of the past for anecdotes or pulpit illustrations. The incident serves to show a determination to lay under tribute every source of light

and help and not to rely upon old material only. It is the price to be paid for freshness; since what is old and stale to us seldom comes with freshness from our lips.

But no anecdote is needed to show the energy of Mr. Spurgeon's working powers. The vast congregation which gathered at the Tabernacle, and the still vaster congregations who in every quarter of the world were readers of his sermons, are evidence of the industry and energy which kept his utterances fresh and crisp for more than thirty years. This indomitable and unflagging perseverance won its reward. It gave him an assured place in the metropolis; he became a recognized power in the religious life of England. He stood before kings, and not before mean men.

But he had another quality which contributed to his success. Besides the staying power which diligence assures, he had the wisdom to live within his own limitations. Many a man who has reached a certain measure of fame has been sacrificed by the ambition which overleaps itself, when he has been tempted to essay the winning of fame in some fresh departure. Bulwer Lytton was regarded as desirous of many-sided fame when he sought to add the reputation of a scholar to the renown of a poet and a novelist; it may be doubted whether these desires do not end in the obscurity of a man's legitimate fame. Dr. Watts, the correspondent of learned men in Europe, is forgotten; the author of "The Little Busy Bee" is remembered, and the bee has sucked the honey out of the flower of his fame. Thousands know him as the author of the line:—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,

who do not know him as the author of the noblest hymn in the English language. A farthing candle lighted may blot out our vision of a star; and a puerile ambition of shining in some fresh sphere may dim the lustre of a well-earned renown.

Mr. Spurgeon escaped this temptation, if it ever assailed him. Some, indeed, thought that his essays at authorship might prove disastrous in this way; and the works that he has written may be pointed to as evidence of his having attempted, and successfully attempted, another path besides preaching. But this view is, I think, a mistaken one. It is true that Mr. Spurgeon wrote books. His "John Ploughman's Talk" has had a circulation of more than half a million. His

"Treasury of David" has sold by thousands. We admit it; but it is not as an author that Mr. Spurgeon will be remembered; his works are not in the true sense ventures in literature. They are rather chips from his workshop; and in his workshop not books but sermons were made. These were his true work; the others were but groupings of accumulated material. He was not tempted, as others have been, into really new ventures. Preaching was his trade; and he kept to it. *Hoc unum*—this one thing he did—whatever he wrote he threw it off in the course of, and not in addition to, his main and much-loved work of preaching. To this, and not to authorship, he devoted his life.

This energetic perseverance was allied with certain gifts—a sturdy good sense, a vigorous mind, a quick imagination, a mirthful and joyous temperament, a telling voice, and a mastery of good, stalwart language. I heard it once said of Mr. Spurgeon that he possessed no first-rate gifts, but a good supply of second-rate gifts in first-rate order. I thought that there was much truth in this description. There have been men with richer gifts—with wider mastery of their mother tongue, with voice of greater variety and more sympathetic timbre, with more native humor, and with higher intellectual endowments; but it has seldom happened that they have met in one man, as Mr. Spurgeon's gifts met in him, to find themselves dominated and directed by a vigorous will and a single-minded purpose. To compare him with men in the world of politics, we find ourselves disposed to say that he was among religious orators what Bright was among political. The comparison is not wholly correct, but it is one which suggests itself to many; and it is conveniently near to the truth.

In speaking of Mr. Spurgeon I am at a disadvantage, as I did not know him personally; but I know enough to be able to appreciate the strong personal attachment with which he was able to inspire his friends, and the power of that genial nature which could disarm prejudice. A ready word, and a kindly disposition to speak the word that was ready, gave him the key to unlock even a stranger's heart. I remember an anecdote which was told me by a clergyman whom to know was to love, and who, in telling me the incident, expressed the pleasure which it had given him. Like the Baptist preacher, he was compelled to spend part of the year at Mentone. There he met Mr. Spurgeon, to whom he described himself as frail,

saying that his doctor compared him to a fractured pane of glass, which might last long enough with proper care. "Ah!" said Mr. Spurgeon, "I hope that the pane of glass may last for many a day, for God's light to shine through it." There was a grace of simple kindliness in such things as these, as there was the strong love of simplicity in his saying, "I hate oratory." To speak as he thought, as he felt, as he believed, with faith and with sincerity, this was enough; this is one secret of true power.

By religious descent Mr. Spurgeon belonged to the Puritan stream of English thought. As regards progress and culture, he has been called a Philistine. The temperament of such men blinds them to much of the joy and beauty of life. They are as those who live in a walled garden, and who lose the sunlight sooner than the rest of the world, because of the height of their garden wall. Such often mistake the shadow projected by their own wall for a darkness which has fallen on the whole world. Our prejudices and our self-made limitations may obstruct the light of heaven. But it is only fair to see the other side of the picture. The Puritan type may mean heedlessness of culture and loss of sweetness and light, but it also means seriousness, earnestness, and a courageous bearing like that of the Cameronians, "who prayed as they fought and fought as they prayed." If such men fail to see the light which falls beyond their own garden, the light in their own garden is very clear, and they know how to rejoice in it. Their own experiences are as revelations to them. Their own interpretations are derived from sources which are beyond challenge. The difficult text may be solved by prayer, and the solution so found may stand against the glosses of human learning. The resultant attitude of mind is plainly uncritical. It lacks historical perspective. The Bible becomes under such treatment as a Chinese picture, every object is equidistant. The sublime collection of books which make up the sacred literature of the Bible loses under such treatment the effects of light and shade which historical criticism can supply; the real weight, value, significance of many passages is lost. The texts are not understood as the prophet or writer meant them to be understood; their relationship to age and circumstances is merged in their relation, possible or impossible, to the modern reader. The message, real or fancied, to the spiritual experience of to-day constitutes their chief use. It is for-

gotten that the true message to the men of to-day can only be realized when the meaning of the message to the men of past days is understood. It is a fortunate circumstance that a man's moral earnestness may save him from the ill-effects or logical results of his intellectual limitations. Bishop Horsley said that the careful student of the English Bible might gain such an instinctive insight into the drift of Bible teaching that he could compass the meaning of passages which, critically speaking, he was unable to expound. There is truth in this. There is a spiritual instinct, the outgrowth of diligent and devout study, which carries a man beyond his own intellectual limitations. I do not of course mean that any man can escape the effects of his own mental limitations; but I do mean that men whose spiritual and moral forces are carefully cultivated may often transcend them. If it were not so, Christian sympathy* would be even narrower than it is. But in much the limitations remain, and their effects are felt. They were seen in Mr. Spurgeon, though in him they were often transcended. Time and space would fail me in any endeavor to illustrate this point. But I may, at least, quote the following from Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. His attachment to Calvinism is sincere and unhesitating:—

Do you suppose for a moment that this is any injustice in God in having given you grace which he did not give to another? I suppose you say, "Injustice, no: God has a right to do as he wills with his own; I could not claim grace nor could my companions; God chose to give it to me, the other has rejected grace wilfully to his own fault, and I should have done the same, but that he gave 'more grace' whereby my will was constrained." Now sir, if it be not wrong for God to do the thing, how can it be wrong for God to purpose to do the thing? And what is election but God's purpose to do what he does do?*

I make no comment on the argument. That is not my purpose. I only wish the following to be put alongside it, that the spirit of Mr. Spurgeon may be seen lifted for the moment above his Calvinism.

He has been expressing his belief that the Baptists are more numerous than is commonly supposed. He then goes on:—

That, however, we care very little about; for I say of the Baptist name, let it perish, but let Christ's name last forever.

He then expresses the hope that the necessity for the existence of the Baptist

* Sermon on Romans viii. 28. October 18, 1857.

body will cease by all Christians recognizing the value of baptism by immersion:—

Yea, and yet again, much as I love dear old England, I do not believe she will ever perish. No, Britain, thou shalt never perish; for the flag of old England is nailed to the mast by the prayers of Christians, by the efforts of Sunday schools and her pious men. But I say let even England's name perish; let her be merged in one great brotherhood; let us have no England and no France, and no Russia and no Turkey, but let us have Christendom; and I say heartily, from my soul, let nations and national distinctions perish, but let Christ's name last forever. Perhaps there is only one thing on earth that I love better than the last I have mentioned, and that is the pure doctrine of unadulterated Calvinism. But if that be wrong—if there be anything in that which is false—I for one say let that perish too and let Christ's name last forever.*

This spirit lifts a man above his belief. It enables him to grow as life opens out to him wider ranges; and we are not surprised to find Mr. Spurgeon expressing in almost his last address his belief that

there is more love in the hearts of Christian people than they know of themselves. We mistake divergences of judgment for differences of heart; but they are far from being the same thing.†

It has been pointed out that there are three classes of men in the Christian Church. There are the men who may be described as intellectual, to whom the reconciliation of truth with truth is important. Erasmus may stand as the type. There are the men who seek to reconcile the world by the doctrines which they believe to be true. Luther and Knox belong to this class. There are the men whose chief thought is of the inward reconciliation of the spirit with the will and order of God. Of them Fénelon and Leighton are named as types. If we were to class Mr. Spurgeon we must place him among the men of action; he belongs more to the type of Luther than to that of Erasmus or Fénelon. He belongs to the class which produces strong leaders rather than strong thinkers—men of action, not men of contemplation. Each class has its range and its limitations; each has its message and its function. We may note their limitations without undervaluing their powers or their work.

It is needless for me to say that I dif-

fered from Mr. Spurgeon on many points of doctrine and of order. He was profoundly impressed with the truth of much that must be classed as doubtful; he uttered sentiments at times which seemed to contradict the principles which he so firmly held; more than once he spoke hardly of the Church to which I belong; some things which seem very true to some of us he had no eye to perceive. He was as one who sits in an observatory to view the heavens, but has his telescope so adjusted that he can only follow the course of a star through one portion of the sky. There are fields of vision which his glass cannot cover, and movements of stars which he cannot track; but this is the fault, not of the telescope, but of the way in which the telescope is fixed. What he does see he sees most clearly; his eye is at the glass, and the glass is turned towards heaven, and the heavens to him declare the glory of God; and he tells what he sees. He may not always be right, he does not see all the heavens; but what he does see is very clear to him, and he makes it very real to others. He lifts their eyes upwards to the lights that shine there, and to the glory that awaits them. He is often very literal and very limited; he misses the wider sense, he fails to perceive the relationship of star to star, or to track the wide sweep of the planet's orbit; but there are heavenly lights up yonder, and they do move, and they are God's handiwork. He sees and he believes, and he makes others see and believe also. He has no doubt about what he sees; he has no doubt about the meaning of it all. He sees it in relation to himself; the brightness of the heavens is a true brightness to him, he wants others to see how bright it is; the love of God is very real to him, and he wants others to feel how real it is. His very limitations give him confidence, but still more does the simplicity of his faith. "As the gates were opened to let in the men," said the old allegorist whom Mr. Spurgeon loved, "I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads and palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praises withal. There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them." It was beautiful and most real to Bunyan, it was the same to Mr. Spurgeon.

* Sermon on Psalms lxxii. 17. May 27, 1855.

† Address at Mentone, December 31, 1891.

We live in an age in which, like children with their toys, we wish to pull things to pieces and see what they are made of. We ask ourselves how the trees can grow in Paradise, or how they can be rooted in a pavement of gold. We love analysis, and we wish to understand the way in which golden harps can be tuned. We wish to understand so much that little is left to imagination, and inspiration shows signs of perishing. To other men of simpler faith, these golden streets and golden harps meant the triumph of love and the music of the other world. There was very real joy in the presence of God, and the angels who sang his praise were real beings. Perhaps it is better to have a faith such as this, even though allied to what the world calls narrowness, than to open our minds so widely that in the chaos and confusion of ideas which follow we lose faith altogether. But better still, I think, it would be if, as Dean Stanley said, we could combine the spirit and method of Erasmus with the energy of Luther and Knox, and the repose of Fénelon and Leighton. Who shall say that it is foolish to dream of a time when we may see in the Church of Christ the intellectual sincerity of Bishop Fraser conjoined with the saintliness of Keble and the sturdy faith of Mr. Spurgeon?

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
THE MILKY WAY.

THE nebulous band or zone of light known as the Milky Way or Galaxy is familiar to every one, and on a clear, moonless night forms a conspicuous feature of the nocturnal heavens. It has attracted the attention of astronomers and philosophers from the earliest ages of antiquity, and various theories have been advanced to account for its appearance. One of the ancient writers — Ænopydes — considered it to be the original pathway of the sun. Plutarch saw in it the marks of Phaeton's accident. Anaxagoras thought it was the shadow of the earth; and Aristotle that it was due to atmospheric vapors! Other equally absurd theories were entertained by the ancients, and Ovid says — in his "Metamorphoses" — "When the sky is very clear a path of very radiant white color may be seen in the empyrean. It is called the *Milky Way*, and along it the immortals repair to the august dwelling-place of the Lord of Thunder;" a fable which is also referred to by Plato.

The true theory, namely, that its light originates from myriads of small stars, was, however, advanced by Democritus, Manilius, and Pythagoras, and on the invention of the telescope this hypothesis was fully confirmed.

The representations of the Milky Way shown in popular atlases merely give a general idea of its appearance, and show little or no detail of the brightness and faintness of the various parts — features which are very obvious when carefully observed. A mere passing glance might lead a casual observer to suppose that the Galaxy stretched as a band of nearly uniform brightness across the face of the sky, but good eyesight, careful attention, and a clear sky will soon disclose numerous details previously unsuspected; streams and rays of varying brightness intersected by rifts of darkness, and interspersed with spots and channels of comparatively starless spaces.

Heis gives, in his excellent atlas, an elaborate delineation of the Milky Way as seen in northern latitudes. He divides the varying brightness of the different parts into five magnitudes, the first magnitude being assigned to the luminous portions of the Galaxy in the constellation of the Swan and in Sobieski's Shield, and the fourth and fifth magnitudes to the very faint nebulous light which he shows filling in the vacuities (drawn on other star maps), and bordering the Milky Way on both sides throughout nearly the whole of its course. This method of division into magnitudes is of course, to a great extent, an arbitrary one, and the lines of demarcation between the assumed magnitudes are not so sharply defined in the sky as shown in Heis's maps. There is also reason to think that Heis did not pay so much attention to the Milky Way as he did to his star magnitudes. Still, his drawing serves to give a fair representation of the general effect visible to a keen-sighted and careful observer, as Heis undoubtedly was.

Heis's drawing of the Milky Way extends to about thirty degrees of south declination — about the limit visible in these latitudes. Below that limit we have an excellent drawing of the southern portion of the Galaxy by Sir John Herschel (which will be found in his valuable "Cape Observations"), and a very elaborate representation made at Cordova in the Argentine Republic, given in the charts of Dr. Gould's "Uranometria Argentina."

Another carefully drawn representation of the Milky Way will be found in Hou-

zeau's atlas. This, as the independent work of *one* observer for *both* hemispheres, has a certain value, although his drawing is somewhat diagrammatic and deficient in detail. The method of delineation adopted by Houzeau was to trace the lines of equal brightness (or "isophotes" as he terms them) of the various portions of the Milky Way. These somewhat resemble, he says, the contour lines on terrestrial maps, and are filled in with a blue tint, the washes of color being placed one over the other, so that "Plus il y a de courbes, plus l'espace renfermé dans la dernière est brillant." As in Heis's drawing, Houzeau shows five gradations of brightness, and these he determined by comparing the brilliancy of different portions of the Milky Way with neighboring stars of the magnitudes 6-7, 6, 5-6, 5, and 4-5. In making this comparison he was guided by the appearance or disappearance of the luminous patches of Milky Way light in the twilight or moonlight simultaneously with the stars of comparison. It seems doubtful, however, whether this method is susceptible of any great accuracy, the comparison of a bright point, like a star, with a nebulosity extending over a considerable area of the sky, being evidently a matter of much difficulty and considerable uncertainty. The visibility of the star and the adjoining nebulosity might not, in all cases, be equally affected by varying atmospheric conditions, and the gradations of light in the different portions of the Galaxy are so gradual, numerous, and complicated that most of the smaller details would unavoidably be lost in such a rapid survey of the heavens as that undertaken by Houzeau, who estimated the magnitudes of all the stars visible to the naked eye—in addition to his drawing of the Milky Way—in the short period of thirteen months. The drawing being, however, the work of a single observer, and so accomplished an astronomer as the late M. Houzeau, and moreover executed from observations made in a favorably situated station like Jamaica, possesses a value to which it might not otherwise be entitled.

The extension of the Milky Way zone, as drawn by Houzeau, is considerably less than that shown by Heis, much of the faint bounding nebulosity drawn by the latter astronomer being wanting in Houzeau's delineation. According to a computation made by Herr J. Plassmann the area covered by Milky Way light in Houzeau's drawing is about one-tenth of the whole star sphere, a considerably smaller

area than the extension shown by Gould and Heis.

The best representation we now have of the northern portion of the Galaxy is a drawing recently completed by Dr. Otto Boeddicker. This beautiful picture of the Milky Way, as seen with the naked eye in these latitudes, is exquisitely drawn, and evidently the work of an admirable observer and accomplished draftsman. At first sight it might perhaps seem open to one objection, and that is the almost evanescent faintness of some of the less luminous portions of the Galactic zone. But this could not have been avoided without giving to the brighter parts a greater prominence than a faithful representation of nature would reasonably permit. It must be remembered that even the brightest portions of the Milky Way are merely brilliant by contrast with the dark background of the heavens, and that even faint moonlight or slight haze is sufficient to totally obliterate its more delicate details. Even partial success in the delineation of so excessively difficult an object as the Galaxy would be in the highest degree creditable, and it will, I think, be admitted by those who have seen the original drawings that Dr. Boeddicker's success has been even greater than we might have expected from so excellent an astronomer. An eloquent writer in the *Saturday Review* says his maps "are in many respects a completely new disclosure. Features barely suspected before come out in them as evident and persistent; every previous representation appears by comparison *structureless*. There is something of organic regularity in the manner of divergence of innumerable branches from a knotted and gnarled trunk; nor can the protrusion of cloudy feelers towards outlying nebulae and clusters be regarded as purposeless; while the fidelity with which the milky effulgence coils and sweeps along the lines laid down by the stars emblazoned upon it is perplexing if it be not significant."

Sir William Herschel's telescopic gauges show that there is a well-marked relation between the general distribution of the stars and the course of the Milky Way—even as observed with the naked eye. Mr. Proctor was led to the same result by an examination of the naked-eye stars only, but as he assumed the area of the heavens covered by the Galaxy as much smaller than that shown by Heis and Gould, and also omitted vacuities which Heis shows to be filled in with

nebulous light, his results are perhaps more strongly marked than is really the case in the sky. Sir John Herschel also made a number of gauges in the southern hemisphere, and arrived at a conclusion in striking agreement with that obtained by his illustrious father. These results show conclusively that the number of visible stars increases, as we proceed from the poles of the Galaxy towards the Milky Way, where of course the maximum number is found.

Houzeau found that the northern hemisphere is slightly richer in naked-eye stars than the southern—by more than one hundred stars—and he considers this fact to have a real and not merely fictitious existence. He examines the relation of the lucid stars with reference to the Milky Way, and finds that the naked-eye stars show a marked tendency to aggregation on the Galactic stream. This result confirms that found by Sir William Herschel and the elder Struve. It also agrees with Proctor's researches, and with the results I have found myself from an examination of the maps of Behrmann, Heis, and Houzeau.

I have made a careful enumeration of the stars shown in the atlases just named, which are fairly complete for stars visible to the naked eye. The total number of stars shown by Houzeau in both hemispheres is—according to his own statement—5,719. Now, according to Plassmann's computation of the area covered by Milky Way light in Houzeau's maps, the number due to this area is 581. By a careful count of stars shown by Houzeau as lying on the Milky Way (omitting those which merely touch its boundaries), I find a total of 706, or a marked excess of lucid stars above that due to its area.

Heis's maps extend from the North Pole to about thirty degrees south declination (or a little farther south), and those of Behrmann from the South Pole to twenty degrees south declination (or a little farther north). Heis shows all stars to magnitude 6-7 (64), and Behrmann all stars to 6th magnitude. As, however, some of Behrmann's stars are somewhat fainter than the sixth magnitude, we may perhaps consider the two atlases as fairly comparable. In the portion of the sky common to both (twenty to thirty degrees south declination) some small stars shown by Behrmann are omitted by Heis, and *vice versa*, but these are exceptions, and will not materially affect the general result. As Behrmann omits the Milky Way altogether, its course with reference to the

stars shown by him has been derived from Sir John Herschel's drawing. The enumeration was made in divisions of ten degrees in right ascension and ten degrees in declination, as shown in the atlases referred to. The areas of these divisions can be easily determined, and thus the relative richness or poorness of the various regions of the sky can be ascertained.

I find that the total number of stars shown by Heis as visible to the naked eye north of the Equator (excluding variable stars, clusters, and nebulae) is 3,903, and the total number of stars on the Milky Way and its branches (including vacuities in which Heis shows faint light) is 1,199, or 30·7 per cent. of the whole. I find that the Milky Way—as drawn by Heis—covers an area of 5,340 square degrees, or 25·88 per cent. of the northern hemisphere (20,626·5 square degrees), so that the number of naked-eye stars on the Milky Way is slightly in excess of that due to its area. Had I omitted the vacuities—as Proctor did—the proportion would probably have been somewhat increased, as a glance at Heis's maps is sufficient to show that the lucid stars are somewhat sparsely scattered over these (so-called) vacuities. A glance at Behrmann's maps is sufficient to show that a rich region exists in the southern hemisphere, and a statistical enumeration confirms the judgment of the eye. This rich region nearly coincides with the course of the Milky Way from Canis Major to the Southern Cross.

The number of lucid stars shown by Heis in the northern hemisphere gives an average of 5·29 square degrees to each star (or about twenty-three times the apparent area of the full moon). For the portion of the southern hemisphere included in Behrmann's maps the number of stars is 2,306, giving an average of nearly six degrees to each star. These results show that the naked-eye stars are very thinly scattered over the surface of the heavens.

Wright of Durham was undoubtedly the originator of the so-called "disc theory" of the Milky Way. This hypothesis, popularly attributed to Sir William Herschel, was abandoned by that great astronomer himself in his later writings, as Struve has clearly demonstrated, and as Proctor has ably maintained, in recent years. Proctor examines the evidence afforded by Sir John Herschel's observations in the southern hemisphere, and justly remarks that the well-known "coal-sack," near the Southern Cross, and in-

deed the general aspect of the Galaxy in this region indicates "that the Milky Way, in this neighborhood at any rate, is really what it appears to be—a belt or zone of stars separated from us by an apparently starless interval." With this opinion I fully concur. It certainly does seem utterly improbable that the nearly circular black space known as the "coal sack" should represent a tunnel through a disc of which the thickness is comparatively small, while its diameter—on Sturtevant's theory—stretches out almost to infinity. A straight tunnel-shaped opening of infinite length, or nearly so, pointing towards the earth, would form an extraordinary phenomenon, even in a solitary instance, yet there are several somewhat similar cases to be found in the Milky Way. That all these should form tunnels radiating from a common centre is quite beyond the bounds of probability, and indeed such an hypothesis seems unworthy of serious consideration.

Sir John Herschel seemed inclined to consider the Galaxy as probably forming "a flat ring," although it does not appear that he definitely adopted this theory. His conclusion that we cannot, "without obvious improbability, refuse to admit that the long lateral offsets which at so many places quit the main stream, and run out to great distances, are either planes seen edgewise or the convexities of curved surfaces viewed tangentially, rather than cylindrical or columnar excrescences bristling up obliquely from the general level," is objected to by Proctor, who thinks that "the obvious improbability seems to lie altogether the other way." A glance at Dr. Boeddicker's drawing of the Milky Way will, I think, convince most people that Proctor's view is the correct one, and indeed it seems evident that the probability of a number of "planes" or "curved surfaces," being so placed as to be seen edgewise, is quite as small as the chance of a number of tunnel-shaped openings in a comparatively thin disc being all directed to the centre of the disc.

All the stars in Argelander's charts (to 9th or 10th magnitude, equal to Herschel's 11th) were plotted by Proctor on a single chart. In this remarkable chart the course of the Milky Way is clearly defined by a well-marked increase of stellar density. Proctor says: "In the very regions where the Herschelian gauges showed the minutest telescopic stars to be most crowded, my chart of 324,198 stars shows the stars of the high orders (down to the 11th magni-

tude) to be so crowded that, by their mere aggregation within the mass, they show the Milky Way with all its streams and clusterings. . . . It is utterly impossible that excessively remote stars could seem to be clustered exactly where relatively near stars were richly spread. This might happen, no doubt, in a single instance, but that it could be repeated over and over again, so as to account for all the complicated features, seen in my chart of 324,198 stars, I maintain to be utterly incredible." This argument seems quite unanswerable, and should, I think, serve to completely upset the "disc theory" of the Milky Way, which—like many other errors—has persistently held its ground in astronomical text-books.

Considering Sir William Herschel's later views of the construction of the Galaxy, and Sir John Herschel's suggestion that its form might be that of a flat ring seen edgewise, Proctor was led to propose a new theory of the Milky Way, which represents it as forming a sort of spiral stream in space. The well-known "gap in Argo" he imagines as due to an opening between two of the spiral branches, and he thinks that this gap could not possibly be explained either by the "disc" or "flat ring" theories. Dr. Gould, however, shows this "gap" as filled in with faint nebulous light. The "coal sack," near the Southern Cross, Proctor explains by a loop in the spiral, and the great brilliancy of the Galaxy in this region by the comparative proximity of one of the spiral branches to our system. But on this hypothesis the nebulous light on one side of the vacuity should be somewhat brighter than the other, one portion of the spiral branch being nearer to the eye. Sir John Herschel's drawing of the Milky Way, made at the Cape of Good Hope, shows a general uniformity of brightness in the nebulous light surrounding the "coal sack," and in Dr. Gould's delineation no well-marked inequality of brightness is perceptible in the bounding nebulosity. Proctor, however, points out that the difference of brilliancy would be slight. The whole aspect of the Milky Way in this vicinity suggests, I think, that the "coal sack" is a real and not merely apparent opening through the Galactic zone. Proctor applies to these circular openings reasoning similar to that applied by Sir John Herschel to the Magellanic clouds, and concludes that "if they are really openings at all, they are openings through a system which is not very much deeper—meas-

ured in the direction of the line of sight — than the greatest width of the aperture itself." With this opinion I fully concur, but not with the theory that the "coal sack" is formed by a loop in a stellar stream. Sir John Herschel's gauges at the Cape of Good Hope show that the "coal sack" — although apparently blank to the naked eye — is by no means devoid of telescopic stars. This is confirmed by Dr. Gould, who shows this remarkable vacuity filled in with faint nebulosity, and also by photographs recently taken by Mr. Russell at the Sidney Observatory, which show numerous small stars within its boundaries. We cannot therefore consider it as a perfect opening; but this, of course, does not detract from the argument in favor of its being a perforation through a comparatively thin stratum of stars.

Proctor attributes the fading away of the "broken branch" in Ophiuchus (near 70 Ophiuchi) to increase of distance in the spiral stream in that direction, but the appearance of this branch as drawn by Boeddicker and Heis tends to negative this hypothesis. In Heis's drawing the branch is shown rather brighter at its extremity (near 70 Ophiuchi) than it is at the point where it leaves the main Galactic stream. Boeddicker's representation of the Milky Way in this region is in fairly close agreement with Heis's drawing, but agrees rather better with its general ap-

pearance as I see it. The Milky Way as drawn by Gould shows, I think, that the supposed division of the Galaxy into two streams, from Aquila to the Southern Cross, is more apparent than real, and that the intricate convolutions of the Milky Way in this vicinity cannot well be represented by a simple bifurcation.

If we consider that in viewing the starry heavens we are placed at the centre of a hollow sphere of vast and indefinite extent, and that the distance of only a few of the stars from our eye has hitherto been determined with any approach to accuracy, the great difficulty of framing a satisfactory theory of the construction of the heavens will be easily understood. Although Jupiter's system of satellites forms a most perfect piece of celestial mechanism, a mere glance through a telescope might lead us to imagine that absence of symmetry was its most striking characteristic. The cause of this imperfect view is clearly the unfavorable situation of our standpoint. The case may be similar with the sidereal system, and, could we examine it from a conveniently situated position, we might find — instead of apparent irregularity — an harmonious arrangement of all its parts, somewhat similar perhaps, but more complicated, to the solar system as viewed from the sun or from a point at right angles to its general plane.

J. ELLARD GORE.

SOME INTERESTING LETTERS FROM VON MOLTKE. — The first volume of the late Field Marshal von Moltke's correspondence, which was recently published in Berlin, is more likely to attract students of military tactics than the general reader. The book deals mainly with the period of the war between Prussia and Denmark in 1864, and throws an interesting light on the manner in which, even at that early period, the military power of Prussia was being developed and consolidated, with a view to future eventualities. For instance, in a memorial addressed, on June 30, 1863, to Field Marshal von Roon, who was at that time minister of war, Count von Moltke urged the necessity of making the arrangements for military concentration, so that the army might be ready to take the field, not only against Denmark, but also possibly against France. He also pointed out that the plans must be so framed as to render possible, from the very beginning, the solid co-operation of the whole of south-west Germany, and especially Ba-

varia. A letter to General Blumenthal, dated March 27, contains the following passage, which is interesting as showing Von Moltke's opinion that commanders in time of war should be left a free hand: "Stirring achievements are expected from the prince (Frederick Charles), but when he sets out to perform them he is at once called back. If the prince has to bear the responsibility he must have freedom in the choice of the means. Take Alsen and the six thousand pairs of boots, and all the other sins which you have ever committed will be forgiven you. May God bless and prosper the work." A little later the field-marshal wrote to General Blumenthal: "For goodness' sake do not make extensive reports on events which are to happen." In congratulating the general on the bombardment of Duppel, Von Moltke remarked: "I know that you have scarcely time to write. When one is making history one has to leave the writing of it to others."

Pall Mall Gazette.

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